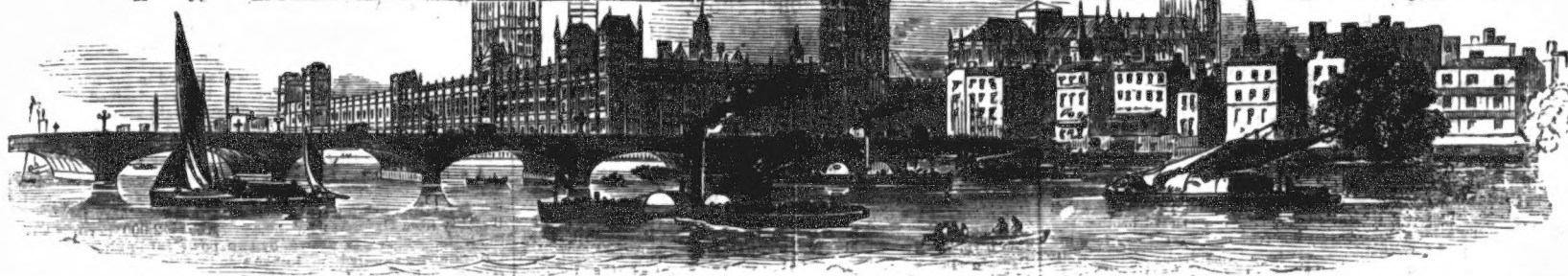
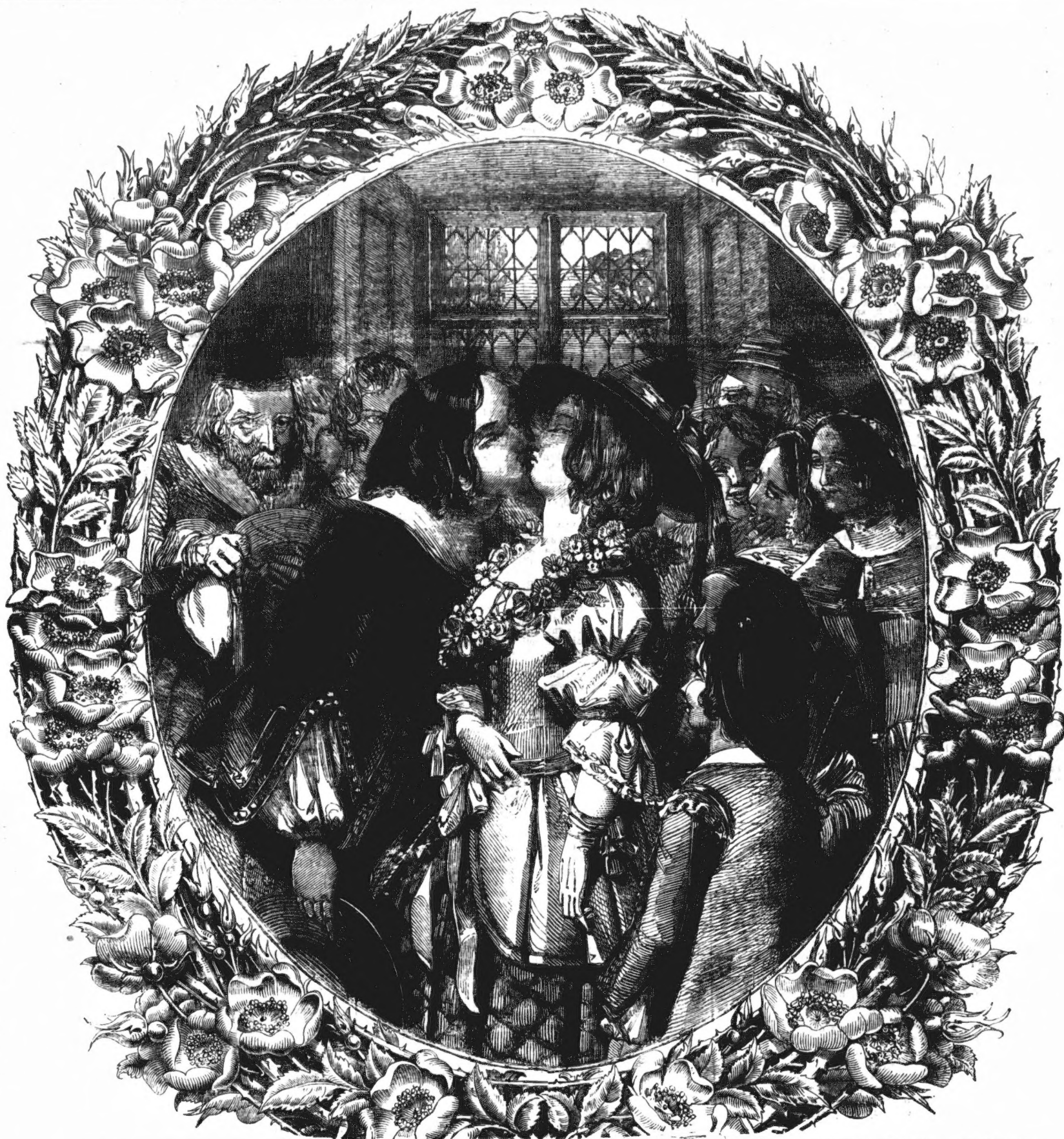


John Dicks 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

TRINITY SUNDAY. (See page 786.)

SALUTATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE TRINITY.

THERE are good old customs and bad old customs. For instance, every right-minded person should, if he or she would pass a happy year, eat lamb and gooseberries on Easter Monday, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, and plum-pudding on Christmas Day. These are good old customs, because the flavour of these several dishes is excellent, and there is great pleasure in complying with an ordinance that both delights the appetite and calms the mind. But on the other hand, the cruel fiction of that vile rite of salt fish on Ash Wednesday is a very bad old custom. Even if the sauce that is served up with it were made with the eggs of Paradise, it could not impart a decent flavour to the mess. Why this absurd and unpalatable feast should be so stubbornly persisted in, we never could make out; we can only suppose that fashion, the most ankers of all custom's officers, sanctions and protects it; or else that a generous Government started the institution for the better protection and encouragement of the Newfoundland fisheries.

How willingly would we forego our thrifty, bony, colourless salt fish ceremony, and substitute in its stead some custom as glorious as that which has furnished Mr. Kenny Meadows with the subject for his finished and elegant illustration!

The reader when looking at the drawing (to explain which this article is written) must not for one moment imagine that the young couple in the foreground are embracing each other from any feeling of affection. They are simply complying with a custom, which compels that swain—however much he might object—to kiss that young lady, whether she liked it or no. They are not brother and sister meeting after a long separation; neither are they performing any ceremony of betrothal. They are both evidently simple, well-trained children, and are no doubt going through the rite with tranquil hearts and cool cheeks, fully impressed with the solemnity of the performance. The young lady is holding out her lips as if she were handing the embrace to the youth, who is, with half-bow, accepting it as calmly as if it were a fig or a compliment. The expression of his eyes is perhaps rather wild, but so terrible is the ordeal that every allowance must be made for his feelings.

The elderly people in the background are looking on, not, as many might suppose, to preserve order and see fair play, but merely to do honour to the sacred ceremony. The little urchin in front is too young to understand the true solemnity of the forms. To him the proceeding is a comic one. He is laughing. He can understand that the embrace is being given against the will of both parties, and the unpleasantness of the situation delights him as much as if the couple had knocked their heads together. When he grows to be nineteen, perhaps he will be able to understand the sufferings that are tormenting the poor young man before him.

In a letter to Aubrey ("Miscellaneous," 1714), dated Ascension Day, 1682, is an account of Newton, in North Wiltshire; where, to perpetuate the memory of the donation of a common to that place, by King Athelstan, and of a house for the hayward—i.e., the person who looked after the beasts that fed upon the common—the following ceremonies were appointed:—"Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice in honour of the Holy Trinity; then they entered. The bell was rung; after which, silence being ordered, they read their prayers. Then was a ghirland (a garland) of flowers (about the year 1660, one was killed alive to take away the ghirland) made upon an hoop, brought forth by a maid of the town upon her neck; and a young man, a bachelor, of another parish, first saluted her three times in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she put the ghirland upon his neck, and kisses him three times in honour of the Trinity—particularly God the Son. Then he puts the ghirland on her neck again, and kisses her three times in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he takes the ghirland from her neck, and by the custom, must give her a penny at least, which, as fancy leads, is now exceeded, as 2s. 6d. &c."

In all nine kisses are given, three by the lady and six by the gentleman. King Athelstan must have been a very excellent man to have first thought of such a pleasing custom. We have been to the Crystal Palace on purpose to see his statue, and, judging by it, we should say he was both good-looking and kind-hearted. Poor monarch! little did he think that his rebellious people would one day so insult him as to abolish the excellent ceremony that perpetuated his memory and name. The gift of 1d. after as many as nine kisses, appears to us to be mean and contemptible. It is not at the rate of even one farthing for embrace. Besides, what could a young lady do with a penny? The best thread is three-halfpence a reel, so she could not buy that. She might have a bun, or cross over Waterloo-bridge twice, or treat herself to a peep show. Now, with half a crown, the arrangements might be more vast and satisfactory. The Lowther Arcade is open to all purchasers who love jewels. For 2s. 6d. she might obtain a locket, a ring, a plated fork, a work-box, five pots of pomatum, or a peck of hair pins, all of which would serve to keep alive, for at least a month, the remembrance of the youth who gave them to her.

In 1660, "one was killed alive to take away the ghirland." Poor fellow! most likely the young lady was that year unusually beautiful, and this rash man, being madly in love and weak of leg, was tumbled over, and trampled under the feet of her thousand admirers. You might—but we shall not—write a romance or compose a five-act tragedy upon this simple incident.

The greatest impediment that we see to the introduction, now-a-days, of this good old custom, is, that the method of giving the ghirland was "from house to house annually, till it came round." In such a huge city as London, the thing would be impossible. Let us suppose that the parishioners of Kensington, wishing to perpetuate the memory of Athelstan, were to endeavour to revive the ceremony. They would assemble at the door of the person who looks after the little beasts on the common, i.e., the badde who keeps the little boys in order; and the young lady living at No. 1, Suzanna-crescent, would be appointed to step forth with the garland round her neck. How many thousand years would it take before No. 46, Mary Cottages, had her turn? The thing is impracticable!

Our forefathers were thoroughly acquainted with the selfishness of human nature. One of the regulations of the Feast of the Trinity was, that "in the evening every commoner sent his supper up to the hayward's house, which was called the 'Eale House'; and, having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, which was brewed in the house, they supped together, and what was left was given to the poor." The equality of the contribution of malt proves that there were low persons living even in King Athelstan's days, who were willing to give little and take much—scoundrels, who would send in their handful of barley and then consider themselves entitled to drink beer until they had drowned their legs and feet under the table.

Among the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth are the following items of expenditure incurred for one of these Trinity feasts:—

1519. Item, for garlands and drink for the obyliderns on Tretye even.....	0 0 6
... To Spryngwell and Smyth for synyng with the procession on Tretye Sodday even ...	0 0 12
... It m, for four charys of gain tye, rylonds, at 9d. the case	0 3 0

How much "drynk" the poor wretched "obyliderns" could have in the present day for 6d., it is beyond us to imagine. Three pints of milk in three pailful of water might furnish a rich repast for a limited number. In the year 1500, drinking materials were cheaper than they are now; indeed, even up the year 1750, there were

houses in St. Giles's where a man might, for the small charge of one penny, be made dead drunk, and have clean straw to lie upon into the bargain. Alas! the good old times have passed away.

Messrs. Spryngwell and Smyth appear to have acted as the brass band to the procession. The former gentleman's name sounds more like that of an acrobat than that of a musician, as if he had been engaged to head the line by walking on his hands instead of singing cues with Smyth.

It took four ounces of ribands to decorate the garland in those times. There is not a servant maid in Bloomsbury, or a lady in Belgrave, who will not carry more in her next Sunday's cap or bonnet. We sigh in vain for primitive simplicity, and ribands at 9d. the ounce.

THE HORSE SHOW.

THE second great horse show which has been held in London was opened on Saturday, with the utmost success at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Every part of the hall was crowded with a most fashionable assemblage, and every part from which a view of the trials of the horses could be gained was thronged. Among others present were the Duke of Richmond, Duke of St. Albans, Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Exeter, Lord and Lady Constance Grosvenor, Lord Stamford, Lord Spencer, Lord Faversham, Lord Ebury, &c. General Count Fleury, Master of the Horse to the Emperor of the French, was also present. The hall was opened as early as nine o'clock, and the judgment of the relative merits of the horses commenced at ten. The chief judges, who were helped by professional assistants, were Lord Portsmouth, Lord Conesborough, Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Sir George Wombwell, and Captain Percy Williams. Almost as soon as the judges of the horses commenced, the building was crowded. Though it can scarcely be said to be a good time of the year at which to assemble horses for display, entries were unusually numerous. When it is recollected how horses are in training now, or otherwise employed, it is almost surprising to find that in the seventeen classes for which prizes were offered upwards of 800 animals were entered. In these classes were, of course, included every kind and description of horse—racers, hunters, hacks, roadsters, ladies' horses, and ponies. The latter formed, as usual, a very popular and very numerous class. There were many of them so small as to be less than eight or nine hands high, while one actually only reaches the height of 32 inches.

Considering that Monday was Whit Monday, and that Whit Monday is a popular holiday, and that a show of horses is decidedly a popular show, and that the weather, though cold, was fine, and that the panic has not apparently touched the working classes or affected the demand for seats in pleasure-vans—considering these things, and a few others which are quite as obvious, it is not more so, it will astonish all who in these days have any capability of astonishment left to learn that the number of visitors to the horse show was far below the expected mark. The attendance was not only small, compared with that of former shilling days, but it was unaccountably select. Until one o'clock, indeed, there did not appear to be a larger crowd round the ring than there had been during the forenoon of Saturday, when the charge of admission was half a crown. In contrast to the calm of ordinary spectators, was the excitement of some few disappointed exhibitors, who could not believe that prizes were justly being awarded which had been given away from the horses they had entered. More extraordinary ground of dissatisfaction had been discovered, and had been taken up with a great deal more effect. Away from the Agricultural Hall the feeling raged high; and there was even a talk at Tattersall's of the wholesale withdrawal of horses that had been sent for exhibition. The matter has been met by an apology, which is as follows:—

"The directors of the Agricultural Hall have learned with the deepest regret the fact that, to oblige a distinguished foreigner, some of the horses exhibited at the Agricultural Hall were taken into the ring on Sunday morning. The directors, at a special meeting this morning, passed the following resolution:—
"That the secretary was highly to blame for permitting such a proceeding, more especially in the absence of the groom sent in charge of the horses, and he is hereby censured for his conduct. The directors also desire to apologize to the exhibitors for the great liberty which was taken with their animals. That in future no horse shall at any time be turned from his stall for exhibition in the absence of his attendant, nor on a Sunday, under any pretence whatever, illness excepted."

"Signed, on behalf of the directors,
JOHN CLAYDEN, Chairman."
The circumstances which led to this unpleasantly strong expression of disapproval may be very briefly stated. General Count Fleury, Master of the Horse to the Emperor of the French, has visited this country with the purpose of adding to the Imperial stud. His mission, as a matter of course, involved a careful inspection of the show in the Agricultural Hall, and on Sunday the Count and his suite were admitted by the secretary to a private view. The grooms in the employment of exhibitors having all been ordered out of the building, those attached to the establishment were ordered to take the horses out of their stalls, and the animals were paraded in the ring for the inspection of the Count and his friends. This fact coming to the ears of the principal owners, a deputation was formed to wait upon the directors, and to protest against such a proceeding. These gentlemen thought it better to convene at once a special board, and the deputation having laid their complaints before them, the directors resolved on the publication of that apology, a copy of which appears above.

A YOUNG WOMAN SHOT.—The people of Furness were thrown into great excitement on Saturday afternoon, by the report that a young woman had been shot at Hindpool, near Barrow. From what has transpired, it seems that the young woman in question is seventeen years of age, named Esther Pitaway, and that she lived with her parents at No. 7, Lynch street, Hindpool. The person through whose agency the distressing occurrence happened is a married man, named John Trow, who is a native of Staffordshire. The parties are cousins, and Trow, who has been in the habit of visiting at the house of the deceased's parents, called there on Saturday morning to inform his aunt that his wife had arrived from Stafford. The young woman was washing her hands in the back kitchen, being about to go on errand for her mother, who was serving a customer in a small shop attached to the house, which they keep. Trow went through the shop, and as he was going poked up a gun belonging to a lodger named Farrington. In a moment afterwards the gun exploded, the contents of it blowing out one of the young woman's eyes, and striking the side of her face as well. She died immediately. Dr. Sinclair was sent for, but his services were of no avail. It is said that Farrington had been out with his gun on Saturday morning, and the supposition is that he had returned with it loaded, and left it so in the shop. Whether Trow knew that the gun was loaded or not cannot be said. After the sad affair Trow was apprehended by the police and taken to the lock-up.

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, often times incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine vendors in this country at 1s. 1d. per box.—(Advertisement.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD. Superior Harmoniums from 24 to 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—(Advertisement.)

Notes of the Week.

An inquest was held at the Dog and Pheasant, Paper Mills, near Cambridge, on Saturday, relative to the death of Mr. Ullah Handley, senior partner in the firm of Handley and Todd, of Cambridge. The evidence showed that on the previous Friday as a coal train approached a bridge which carried the Newmarket-road over the line, a man peeped round the abutment, and when the train was about twenty yards off deliberately stepped forward, and, kneeling down, laid his body across the rail. The driver shouted out, but had not time to pull up the train. Afterwards the body, which was literally cut in two, was identified as that of Mr. Handley. A relative of the deceased deposed to his having been ill and worried by business for some time before his death. The verdict found was "That deceased had destroyed himself whilst in a state of temporary insanity."

WARREN, the Fenian informer, was stabbed in the neck at Howth on Sunday night by a man whom he had entertained in his own home. He lies dangerously ill. The assassin escaped without his coat, leaving a revolver and a dagger behind in the struggle. He was subsequently captured near Sutton. He was fully identified, and committed for trial. He gave his name as Edward O'Connor.

A serious accident took place on Monday morning, at the bridge near the Watford Tunnel. The train was an excursion one, starting from Northampton at eight o'clock, two others joining it at Blitchly from Oxford and Banbury. About 2,000 persons were in the train, which was drawn by two powerful engines. At Tiling the train was shunted on to the side line, and proceeded at a slow rate through King's Langley Station. By some strange mismanagement, the engines were allowed to run against the abutment of the bridge, where the side line terminates; the two engines were rammed to a complete wreck, the drivers and stokers saving themselves by jumping off. No lives were lost, but some hundreds of the passengers were shaken and contused, and a great many were cut and bleeding about the face. The train was delayed for nearly two hours and a half.

An accident of a shocking nature occurred at the Reading Station of the Great Western Railway on Saturday afternoon, while the whole staff of officials were busily occupied in attending to the extra Whitnitside traffic. An engine-cleaner employed at the engine shed, opposite the up-platform, was returning from his dinner, shortly before two o'clock, and walked by the side of the Reading-stroke line; while doing so his attention appeared to be attracted by an excursion train leaving the down station. The excursion train had just passed him, and he was making his way to the engine shed, when the Reading-stroke train, due at Reading at 1.45, came up. The engine struck him and knocked him down, and the wheels of several of the carriages passed over his body. Several of the men in the employ of the company hastened to the spot, and found the poor fellow's body quite lifeless, and dreadfully mangled; the top of the head had been cut off, and both his legs had also been severed from the trunk. The coroner for the borough subsequently held an inquest at the Flying Horse Inn, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The name of deceased was Frederick Easton.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF ANOTHER BRADFORD GENTLEMAN.

On Thursday afternoon information was received at the police-office at Scarborough which leads to the impression that another gentleman belonging to Bradford has come to an untimely end—whether by accident or by his own act is uncertain. The person referred to is Mr. Greenwood, brush manufacturer, of Bradford. Mr. Greenwood travels on his own business account, and in the early part of the present week he was at Scarborough, at which place he received letters from his friends. On the Wednesday he went from his lodgings, and in the afternoon of the same day was seen on the beach near Cayton, a few miles south of Scarborough. The place is very secluded and lonely; but Mr. Greenwood was seen by a farming man who was walking along the cliff top. The man was struck by certain gestures of the stranger was making—hurrying to and fro, throwing his arms wildly about, and conducting himself in a rather extraordinary manner. Eventually he became still, and the observer passed on, thinking that exercise had been the object of the stranger's actions. Some time later he observed lying on the sands below what appeared to be a bundle of clothes. As he saw no one near he became alarmed, and at once went to the spot, where he found a suit of clothes lying, but not a vestige of their owner was to be seen. There was a silver watch and gold chain, some money, and several letters and address cards, whereby the clothes were correctly supposed to belong to Mr. Greenwood. It is said that Mr. Greenwood's conduct had been somewhat singular; his wife's letters had not been answered. Being alarmed, she proceeded to Scarborough on Thursday, where she learnt that her husband was missing from his lodgings. She arrived at the police-office almost immediately after Superintendent Pattison had received the information given by the rural police. Mr. Pattison did not disclose the full circumstances, and induced Mrs. Greenwood to return to Bradford, where her friends were acquainted with the real state of the case. There appears no doubt whatever that the unfortunate gentleman has been drowned and washed away by the tide. There are at least three singular coincidences in this event and the death of Mr. Blane, which it so closely follows. First, both gentlemen were inhabitants of Bradford; second, both have met their end in an untimely manner at the seaside away from home; and, third, it is uncertain in either case whether suicide was committed or not. It was rumoured in Scarborough yesterday morning that the body had been washed up and found; but the report proved to be incorrect.—Leeds Mercury.

GARIBOLDI AND THE ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.—The Florence *Nazione* says:—"General Garibaldi has sent to the Italian Government, which has offered him the command of the volunteers for the coming war, a reply worthy of his great name and of his pure and lofty patriotism. In reading the letter herewith published we have experienced a sentiment of national pride. In its simplicity and remarkable modesty it is undoubtedly the finest letter General Garibaldi has ever written. Yesterday we said that the broad and conciliatory policy of the Italian Government had destroyed the last vestige of Sarmato and Aspromonte. We are glad to see those words fully confirmed by the letter of General Garibaldi. The noble attitude assumed by the popular hero is the most striking proof of this consoling truth—that when Austria has to be fought there are no longer any parties or any differences in Italy." The following is the letter above referred to. It is addressed to the Minister of War:—"Capri, May 11, 1866—I accept with sincere gratitude the arrangements you have made, and which His Majesty has sanctioned, with respect to the corps of volunteers. I am thankful for the confidence reposed in me by entrusting to me the command. Be my interpreter to the King, and express to him my feelings. I hope soon to participate with our glorious army in accomplishing the destiny of the country. I thank you for the courtesy you have shown me in your communication.—G. GARIBOLDI."

DR. BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Bavalonia Arabs, yields twice the nutriment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London W. In this ad. 1s. 1d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 24lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—(Advertisement.)

YOUNG'S ARTICULATED CORN AND BUNION PLASTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark "H. Y." without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale manufactory, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London.—(Advertisement.)

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, in a letter dated the 16th inst., says:—

"I am informed that at an interview with the Emperor, yesterday, M. Fould, Minister of Finance, declared to the Sovereign that he could not undertake any longer the responsibility of a situation that was continually enlarging the financial gulf into which the whole credit of France must be precipitated in the event of war. It is added that M. Fould desired respectfully, but firmly, to know what consequences would result to France in the event of the outbreak of a European conflagration, which had now become almost inevitable. According to my information, and it certainly bears the stamp of probability, his Majesty was not disposed to give any categorical reply, but seemed rather disposed to take the minister at his word should he carry out his implied intention of tendering his resignation."

The Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, recently tried a good-looking young Irishwoman, named Murphy, for picking pockets, and also with inflicting a judgment expelling her from the French territory. The prisoner was arrested on the 24th February last, after taking a purse in the Rue de la Paix from the pocket of a lady named Bernard. The stolen property was not found in her possession, as she had rapidly passed it to a man who accompanied her, and who managed to escape. During the inquiry which followed the prisoner was identified as having been condemned in July, 1864, for a similar offence, to three years' imprisonment, five years' surveillance of the police, and expulsion from the French territory. But while she was undergoing her punishment at Orléans, an English barrister residing in Paris, and an Irish clergyman attached to the Church of St. Roch, interested themselves in her favour, and one-half of her sentence was remitted through the Emperor. On the woman's release, the barrister procured her a free passage to England, but she, nevertheless, returned to Paris, and was arrested as above stated. The charges having been fully established, the tribunal condemned her to five years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.

AUSTRIA.

The following is the text of the proclamation issued by General Benedek to the Austrian Army of the North:—

"His Majesty, our very gracious Emperor and master, has deigned to appoint me to the command of the army of the North, now in course of formation. My headquarters will be provisionally established at Vienna from the 15th inst.; and on that day the generals, the troops, the branches of the administrations, and the military establishments forming part of that army will be placed under my command. Having already given proofs of my fidelity and devotedness as a soldier, I know how to gladly obey every imperial order. But this feeling of duty is now augmented by the conviction that every individual member of the army placed under my orders will bring with him the greatest devotion and determination to combat and repulse every enemy which shall dare inconsiderately and unjustly to menace our august Emperor and master, his illustrious dynasty, his monarchy and our dear country. The army will shortly be united, completely organized and equipped, strong, valiant, animated with the best spirit—the spirit of order, of discipline, of honour and of fidelity, of bravery, and of absolute devotedness. The eye of the Emperor and his noble heart will follow the army everywhere; and the enthusiasm of all the populations of Austria will accompany us; the sympathies and the hopes of our compatriots and of all those who are dear to us will be with us. At the approach of the final struggle for the sacred rights of the Emperor and of the country, the army, full of enthusiasm, and manifesting the tenacity of old Austria, will know how to vanquish her foes, or perish with fidelity and honour for the Emperor and the country. Soldiers! I bring with me the ardent heart of a soldier, an inflexible will, a supreme confidence in God. Soldiers! with God I salute you—you whom the will and the order of the Emperor have confided to my command and to my solicitude; I salute you with the firm conviction that the blessing of God will not be wanting to our just cause, to our fidelity, to our bravery, and to our constant perseverance."

VENETIA.

The Commandant of Venice has issued a notification warning the inhabitants against attempting to induce young men in Venice to enlist in the Italian volunteer corps, and also against inciting soldiers to desert into foreign military service. These offences will be dealt with by martial law.

PRUSSIA.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, a moderate Liberal paper of Berlin, states that the exasperation against the Prussian Government is unbounded in Württemberg, and that deep hatred of Count von Bismarck fills all hearts. Among the soldiers in the south an uncontrollable spirit manifests itself, and fears are expressed that the Cabinet war, as meditated by Bismarck, will end in a German civil war. "The photograph of Ferdinand Blund, the would-be assassin of Bismarck," the letter in the *Vossische* says, "is exhibited in Stuttgart in all the shop windows wreathed with immortelles, and people loudly declare he is a second William Tell." From another source it is stated that the "Lendwehr-men of Sigmaringen, who are called into service for the Prussian army, kissed the portrait when marching through the streets, and gave enthusiastic cheers, amidst tears, in honour of the deceased."

ITALIAN SUPERSTITION.—At a public lottery just drawn at Florence two numbers which came out were fifty-nine and sixty-six. The mass of the people, who are naturally superstitious, and attach great importance to such chances, look upon the coincidence as a favourable augury for the result of the war.

DOUBLE SUICIDE.—A determined double suicide, near Paris, has just been brought to light. A river-keeper on the Marne was passing two days back along the banks near Joinville-le-Pont, when he observed the bodies of a male and female floating near the surface. Having brought them to land they were found to be bound together, the man's left arm to the woman's right, while the former had also about ten pounds' weight of stones in his pockets. They were each elegantly dressed, bore no marks of violence, and had apparently been in the water about a fortnight. The man, apparently aged about forty-five, had a greyish beard, and was slightly bald on the forehead. The fineness of his linen, boots, &c., showed that he had moved in good society. He had, however, only 15. 50s. in his possession. The female, who was considerably younger, was dressed in a black silk dress and mantle and wore a bonnet with chequered black and white strings. Her linen was not marked, but that of the man bore the initials B. J. in letters like those rudely made by washerwomen.—*Galignani*

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—If so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. This preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and is highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether it arises from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Cutts and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 6d. per bottle. Sold by chemists everywhere. Principal office, 205, High Holborn, London.—*Advertised*

General News.

The *Morning Post*, announcing that the marriage of the Princess Mary of Cambridge with the Prince Teak is fixed for Tuesday, the 12th of June, adds, "The marriage will take place at the parish church at Kew, where the Princess was confirmed, and where the honoured remains of her kind-hearted father are deposited. We have reason to believe that the marriage will be witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a select number of friends will be present on the auspicious occasion."

SOME rare illustrations of prolonged existence appeared in the obituary of the *Times* of the 17th inst. where the deaths of six gentlemen and two ladies are recorded, whose united ages amounted to 704 years, giving an average of exactly 88 years for each of these eight persons. The oldest gentleman had reached the crest of 94, and the youngest 80 years of age; the ladies were 85 and 86 years respectively.

The next approach of the day fixed for the marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Helena with Prince Christian is evidenced by the preparations made by the Court authorities for the due celebration of the royal nuptials. The wedding is expected to take place on the 5th of July, in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, and the sacred building, or, more properly speaking, apartment, is about to be prepared for the ceremony. During this operation, which will take some little time, as a gallery will not improbably be erected within its interior, a temporary chapel will be fitted up in St. George's Hall for the use of her Majesty, the royal family, and the Queen's household. From the fact of the State apartments on the north side of the Castle having been ordered to be got in readiness at once, it may be inferred that this magnificent group of rooms will be used for the princess's marriage and the courtly festivities consequent upon that event. The suite includes the Robbers Room, the Opulent Chamber, the King and Queen's Closet, the Zuccarelli Room (with its beautiful landscape), and the Vandyck Gallery. Liberal and extensive orders for the bridal trousseau of the Princess Helena have been distributed among the various royal tradespeople and others.

PREPARATIONS are being made at Guildhall for the suitable entertainment of Prince Alfred on Thursday, the 7th of June, the day on which his royal highness will present himself there to receive the freedom of the City, to which, as in the case of the Prince of Wales, he is entitled by patrimony. The arrangements are entrusted to the City Lands Committee, acting in conjunction with the Lord Mayor, and there can be no doubt they will be worthy the corporation and the occasion. To show the length civil loyalty is prepared to go on these occasions, a member of the Common Council had given notice of a motion authorizing the expenditure of upwards of £1700 on a *déjeuner* in connection with the ceremony, but he afterwards declined to propose it.

ONE day last week twenty-four watches were discovered buried at the foot of an elm tree, at Garmell Hall, the seat of General Gold, near Montgomery. They are proved to be the proceeds of a robbery committed in the shop of Mr. Parlow, watchmaker, Montgomery, on May 26, 1860.

MR. PHILPOT, partner in the firm of Wilson and Philpott, brewers, Newton-heath, died on Saturday evening from hydrophobia, although the bite was given him so long as July last. On Friday, a mad dog in the village of Blithworth, near Halifax, bit two cows, which had both to be destroyed. A man, named John Hamer, and a child were also bitten.

A LETTER, dated May 16, from Dortmund, Westphalia, in the *Reinisch Gazette*, says:—"Some of the men belonging to the Landwehr and the reserves of the Iserlohn battalion passed here to-day. The laws on the press unfortunately prevent us from publishing the sentiments which animated these men, but they may be judged of from the following facts. At the railway station they forced the door from its hinges and flung it on the rails. In the waiting and luggage-rooms they broke fifty-six large squares of glass to the cry of 'Bismarck!' The railway officers and the waiters of the restaurant at the station dared not refuse anything that they asked for, with closed fists and the cry of 'I say, Bismarck!'"

A PASSANT of wine accepted by the Emperor from the growers of the Yonne has arrived at the Tuilleries. The botanist of Auxerre claimed the right of conveying it gratuitously to Paris, and so it was placed on board the boat *Emile*, and all reached the Tuilleries in safety. There are 346 bottles; 100 of Chablis, 100 Cote d'Or, 100 of Jougny, 98 of Chablis, and 48 of Auxerre. They were packed in wooden cases bearing each an inscription in letters of gold, such as "Auxerre is the drink of kings," "Wine of honour of Chablis," &c.

WE regret to hear somewhat disquieting accounts of the health of Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells. His lordship, who is a martyr to gout, has been ill for some time, but now he has been advised to go to Brighton, and abstain for a time altogether from work. The right rev. prelate has issued a commission to the Right Rev. D. Anderson, D.D., late Bishop of Rupert's Land, and now incumbent of Orléans, to act as his commissary for consecrations, confirmations, licences, &c. Lord Auckland is nearly sixty-seven years of age.

THE *Employe*, a new Paris paper, tells the following story:—"One Monday morning a clerk applied to his superior for permission to be absent forty-eight hours on some family affairs, and received an affirmative answer. However, he did not appear the whole of the week, and no one knew to what cause to attribute his absence. On the following Monday he reappeared at the regular hour. 'Well, monsieur,' demanded the chief, 'why have you stayed away all the week?' 'You, sir,' replied the clerk, 'gave me permission.' 'I,' cried the chief, 'I gave you leave for forty-eight hours only, and not for six days!' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' answered the young man, 'I have only taken the exact time which you granted me. We work here eight hours a day, but six times eight is forty-eight! I certainly had no occasion to ask your permission for the night, any more than for the hours which I do not come to business.' This was logical, but since that day the chief specifies by administrative hours the duration of the leave he grants."

BATS AND MICE.—The following is a somewhat ludicrous calculation on the idea that there are one rat and ten mice per acre in the country. The vergin amount thus to 91,116,000, which would consume 182,232 bushels of corn daily, or 4,157,167 quarters and four bushels in the half-year, namely, 182 days and a half; and this would supply 5,831,424 people with a 2lb. loaf each daily for six months, or 2,915,712 people daily with a 2lb. loaf each the year round.—*The Gardener's Chronicle*.

A CHILD KILLED BY A GAMECOCK.—On Saturday, Mr. Humphreys held an inquest at Old Ford as to the death of Charles Winter, aged three years. It appeared that on Tuesday week the child was standing at its parents' door, 32, Palm-street, when a ferocious gamecock, belonging to a neighbour called Monk, which had been frequently known to attack other children, flew up at him, and, putting one claw on his head and the other on his shoulder, pecked at its face, which streamed down with blood. The child was taken in-doors, and a doctor was sent for. The medical evidence proved that deceased died from effusion of serum on the brain caused by a shock to the system, arising from the attacks and pecks of the gamecock, as well as from fright. The owner of the cock treated the matter very cavalierly, and thought his furious bird of more importance than the lives of children. The coroner hinted that the parents could take proceedings in another court for the loss they had sustained, and the jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from effusion on the brain, caused by being attacked and pecked by a certain gamecock."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FORTUNE TELLING AT MERTHYR—A LADY DUPED OUT OF £80.

At the Merthyr Tydfil Police-court, on Saturday last, Mary Mullins was charged, before J. O. Fowler, Esq., the stipendiary magistrate, with having stolen 80l., the property of Thomas Francis Thomas; the charge was also made against the prisoner of having obtained the said sum by false pretences. Under the Vagrant Act the prisoner was charged with having received 2s. 6d. from Margaret Thomas for telling her fortune.

Mr. J. Plows appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Clifton, of Bristol, for the defence.

The case, during the past or week or two, had excited considerable curiosity in the town, and the court was consequently crowded. Mrs. Thomas, the principal witness, is the wife of an assistant-surgeon in good circumstances, and has evidently received a superior education. She was well dressed, and her handsome features and richly braided hair were a remarkable contrast with the freckled sunburnt face and gaudy garb of the gipsy in the dock, who is about the same age as Mrs. Thomas, twenty-one.

The substance of the evidence is as follows:—

Margaret Thomas, wife of the prosecutor, living in Oburn-street, Merthyr, said: The prisoner called at our house several times selling clothes, but never said anything about telling my fortune till Friday, April 27th. About one o'clock that day she said she should like to speak a few words to me, as she could tell me something. I said she could not tell me anything. She answered, "Oh yes, I can; if you will give me half-a-crown, I will read your places and tell you many things." I gave her the half-crown. She put a piece of paper in my hand, and said she should have to work in some circles, and to open something under ground to release the spirit.

Mr. Fowler: She told you so, did she?

Witness: She said she could do it as easily as raising up that mat. She said she would have to go away to open the circles, and would return at four o'clock. She went away, and returned at that time, when she said she was bound to have 40l., to put 10l. on each circle. There are four circles. I said I could not get so much money as that unknown to my husband, and she said, "Yes, you can; if I can tell you anything, I can tell you another."

Mr. Fowler: Had you the money?

Witness: I had the 40l., but I told her I had not. She said I was not to tell any one, as it would not do me any good. I was told by her to wrap the money up in something good, and I wrapped it up in a piece of blue silk. She took it with her, and said, on leaving, she would call on the following morning (Saturday). She called before I was up, and I did not see her that day. On the Monday another woman called on me—a very yellow-complexioned woman—who said her daughter (the prisoner) had been called away to Rhymney. She said her daughter would call at seven. I said she must call sooner, as I wanted the money. The prisoner called that evening at seven, and I asked her why she had not brought back the money, when she said she was very sorry, but it must be kept till the 14th of May.

Mr. Fowler: The 40l.?

Witness: Yes. I said I was bound to have it next day, and she said I could not, and asked me if I could do with £10. Her mother had a very valuable necklace, she said; would that do? She said she would bring back the £40 if I would double it. She brought back the money wrapped up in the blue silk, and made me take an oath on the Bible, swearing that so help me God I would get the £80 by the following Monday. She called that day about one o'clock, but I had not the money then, and she said she was bound to have it, and I need not make any excuse whatever, for I could get it if I liked. She asked me if I could not change a cheque, and I said I could not without its being known to my husband. "Put your name to it," she said, "and no one will know; I will work it so that no one knows." As I had not the money then, she arranged to call again at four o'clock. She came as appointed, and I had then only £30, and she said that would not do, and "I was afraid of my husband she would go home and open the circles so that he would not know." She went away and called again at eight the same evening, when I had the £30, which she said she wanted to put on the circles.

Mr. Fowler: Before or after you handed it to her?

Witness: Before I gave it; and she said I was to have it back at one o'clock that night.

Mr. Plows: Did she say where you were to have it?

Witness: At the back door. If I went there she would be there exactly at one.

Mr. Plows: Why was that?

Witness: She could not come in the morning without its being known to my husband.

Mr. Plows: Was there anything said as to how the money was to be dealt with?

Witness: She said I ought to have kept the silk the £40 was wrapped in, because it had been in the circles before; so I put the money into a white pocket-handkerchief then. The £80 consisted of gold and silver and notes, which I handed to her, and have not had it returned.

Mr. Plows: Was there anything said by her about you having a fortune?

Witness: She said I was to have a fortune through my father, and she would work to get it by the 14th of May. I was also told by her that my husband's relations would be kinder to me after I had the money.

Mr. Plows: What did she say would happen to you if you did not get the £80?

Witness: She said if I did not get it I should not be worth anything, nor she would not, as it would disappoint the spirit. She asked me if I would go with her that night at ten o'clock, and I refused. She said if I heard the spirits talking I should believe what she told me.

Mr. Fowler: When was the last time you saw her?

Witness: Monday evening; and I never saw her again till yesterday.

Mr. Fowler: The money has not been recovered?

Mr. Superintendent Wrenn: No, sir; none of it.

Mr. Plows: What did she say would happen if you did not let her have the money?

Witness: She said, "By God, if you don't get it, you won't be worth that," pointing to a finger ring.

Mr. Henry Wrenn, superintendent of the Glamorganshire constabulary, said he knew prisoner to be one of the numerous gipsy tribes of the Lowlands scattered over the midland counties, and he telegraphed to different police stations after searching their neighbourhood in vain for the prisoner. On Wednesday last he went down to Dudley, in Worcestershire, and found her and an old woman in custody. He charged her with stealing the £80, and she denied it, but admitted having received 2s. 6d. for telling Mrs. Thomas's fortune.

Elizabeth Bees, a domestic servant, deposed to having seen the prisoner talking with her mistress, Mrs. Thomas.

Mr. Clifton, on behalf of the prisoner, wished to reserve the defence, but as the prisoner pleaded "Guilty" when the charge was read over to her, his worship, Mr. Fowler, at once said that the case against the prisoner was clear, and as it came within his jurisdiction he could dispose of it. He commented upon the prisoner, who by her wily speech had worked upon the nervousness and credulity of a young lady, and said that so far as his experience was concerned few cases of the kind by members of the prisoner's tribe had been brought before him. The prisoner was sentenced to six calendar months' hard labour in Cardiff Gaol.

Prisoner left the dock with a baby in her arms in an unconcerned manner.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and other members of the corporation of the City, proceeded in state on Tuesday, the 15th inst., to St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose of assisting in the celebration of the 212th anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy. They were met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of St. David's, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, the Rev. Canon Champneys, the Rev. Canon Dale, the Rev. Canon Melvill, the Rev. Sir Lionel Darrell, the Rev. Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow School; the Rev. Dr. Vivian, Mr. W. Foster White, the Archdeacon of Ely, together with a large number of gentlemen who had undertaken to act as stewards. Arrangements had been made to hold the service in the large open space under the dome, formerly set apart for the special evening service. In addition to the ordinary choir of St. Paul's, there were present to assist the choir of her Majesty's Chapels Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and others, numbering about 200 voices. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Gilson Humphrey, B.D., vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It was the ordinary afternoon service with a fuller choir, which was led by Dr. Elvey, from Windsor. The chant from the 78th Psalm, which was given with great power, echoed with marvellous effect through the aisles of the magnificent edifice. The same imposing effect was also produced in the rendering of the Anthem, after the First Lesson, the "Cantate Domino" in D. The Rev. J. D. Povah read the lesson, and the Rev. Mr. Milman intoned the service. The sermon, as already stated, was preached by the Rev. W. G. Humphry, who took his text from the Second Book of Kings, 13th chapter, 14th verse. In

After the cloth was removed, the usual toasts were given, and duly responded to, when Mr. Baker, the secretary, announced the following list of collections:—Collection at the cathedral, 115*l*.; ditto, dinner, 738*l*. 12*s*.; donations from 26 stewards, 767*l*.; annual subscriptions, 640*l*.; gift of Mrs. Kempton, on further account of the memorial fund to her late father, the Rev. R. Ingram (now 554*l*. Consols), for special cases of distress, 150*l*.; legacy from Miss Turner, 150*l*.; total from voluntary contributions as distinguished from income or funded and real property, 2,560*l*. 12*s*. Several other toasts followed, and the company separated soon after ten o'clock.

A GIPSY WIDOW OF THE VOSGES.

The author of this composition, M. Schuler, is an artist of great originality, and remarkable for the care and finish of his productions. His reputation has been greatly enhanced by the publication, at Strasburg, of an album, full of stirring illustrations of gipsy life in the Vosges; and his works are now eagerly sought by amateurs and picture-lovers in general. The "Gipsy Widow" on the following page is one of M. Schuler's most happy productions. It bears upon its surface every sign of care, and close and anxious study "from the life." The colouring of the original picture is remarkably good; and with all the graver's skill, we are afraid our wood-block does bare justice to the touching expression of the widow's face as drawn by the artist's own hand, and so feelingly contrasted with the happy, unconscious innocence of her children.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.
CHANNEL MATCH.

This match, which has occupied so much attention of late in

topsail, yet standing as upright as a three-decker, while the crack cutters, "their bows dipped in the sea." The Marina also stood up under the pressure of wind with her customary stiffness, and, indeed, it was just her weather, while some of the others were receiving a thorough good "dusting." As the breeze freshened as they stood on their seaward course, the Lulworth took two more reefs down, and hauled her topmast, now sailing under a three reef-main-and-foresail. However, she now seemed to absolutely do worse, and perfectly astounded every one on board as she was passed in rapid succession by schooners and cutters, the Vanguard on the port tack compelling her to keep away as she crossed her bows to windward when near the Shivering buoy, although the Lulworth was on the starboard tack. The Christabel over-reached herself in making for the West Oaze buoy, and the Vindex sailed into second position, but something shortly afterwards going wrong on board she gave up and returned to the Nore. At 10.30, when near the Prince's light-ship, the Lulworth drew the bolts in her starboard chain plates, and it was directly afterwards discovered that those on the port side were also started; she consequently, in a freshening breeze and heavy sea had no alternative but to retire from the contest and to run back to Sheerness. This renowned craft unmistakably sailed under very great disadvantages; she has not been fitted out until now since the death of the late Mr. Weld, and the greater portion of her ballast has been shifted—a circumstance that will at once account for her extraordinary bad performance to the minds of those who are acquainted with the two clippers of Mr. Weld and his clever skipper, John Nichols. Of course, she can soon be put in a proper trim again, and the fact of her being beaten on so much wind and sea by a cutter like the Vindex, only proves how much she was out of trim, and that her present sailing master has not yet had time to become acquainted with the



FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

the very appropriate sermon the rev. preacher urged with great earnestness the cause of the poor clergy. At the close of the service a collection was made at the doors, and 115*l*. was the result.

It may here be stated that the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was established by royal charter in the year 1678, under the title of "The Governors of the Charity for the Relief of Poor Widows and Children of Clergymen," his Majesty King Charles II being moved thereto by the numerous cases of distress which existed among the clergy, their widows, and children, the result of loyalty and fidelity during the trying periods of the Rebellion and Commonwealth. The title of "The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," by which the charity is commonly known, is derived from the circumstance of its earliest promoters having been sons of clergymen. The objects of the society are—first, to grant donations to poor clergymen incapable of duty or burdened with large families; secondly, pensions to poor widows and aged daughters of deceased clergymen, or temporary relief in cases of age or sickness; and thirdly, apprentice fees and donations towards the establishment in life of poor clergymen's children.

At the banquet, which took place in the Merchant Tailors' Hall, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presided; supported immediately on his right by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on his left by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. There were also present the Bishop of St. David's, the Bishop of Lichfield, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Llandaff, the Bishop of Ely, and other influential members of the Church, besides numerous friends and supporters of the institution.

yachting circles, was sailed on Monday from the Nore to Dover harbour, leaving the west buoy of the Oaze on the port hand, the east buoy of the Shivering on the starboard hand, and outside the Goodwin Sands. The prizes were respectively £100, £50, and £50 for either class, schooners, yawls, or cutters, luggers to class as schooners; the first yacht of any rig inside Dover harbour and between the winning boat and Admiralty Pier to take the £100 prize. The match was open to all royal yacht clubs, and the entries were as follows:—

Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner
Evadne	Schooner	206	Mr. John Richardson.
Blue Bell	"	170	Mr. Francis Edwards.
Egeria	"	160	Mr. J. Mulholland.
Gloriana	"	148	Mr. A. O. Wilkinson.
Iolanthe	"	83	Captain J. C. Miller.
Fleur de Lys	"	82	Mr. H. W. Birch.
New Moon	Lugger	209	Lord Willoughby de Eresby.
Xantha	Yawl	135	Lord A. Paget (Commodore).
Lulworth	Cutter	80	Mr. George Duppa.
Marina	"	65	Mr. John C. Morice.
Vanguard	"	60	Captain J. W. Hughes.
Christabel	"	51	Mr. Arthur C. Kennard.
Sphinx	"	48	Mr. Herbert Maudslay.
Amulet	"	48	Rev. T. Vernon Tippinge.
Amazon	"	46	Mr. H. F. Smith.
Vindex	"	45	Mr. Andrew Duncan.

The Xantha yawl early began to distinguish herself, carrying a

evidently capricious peculiarities of the vessel. The yawl Xantha, although she got away to leeward of all the schooners, sailed boldly through the whole fleet, and at half-past ten, by the Prince's light was closely pursuing the Sphinx, the Christabel, so far as we could make out, being second, the Egeria schooner third, and the Marina fourth. The Blue Bell was not a match for the Egeria, and, although at one time she headed the Gloriana by a mile and a half, was passed by Mr. Wilkinson's schooner before reaching Dover. The Evadne did not do so well as the Blue Bell, and was beaten a long distance. The following is the order and time of arrival:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Xantha	2	55	0	Sphinx	3	19	0
Egeria	3	15	0	Gloriana... ..	3	20	0
Christabel	3	15	30	Marina... ..	3	28	0

BULLETS AND THEIR BILLETS.—"While everybody around us," says the *Temps*, "has progressed, the art of killing our fellow-creatures seems alone to have remained immovable during the last century. In the time of Marshal Saxe, each man that was killed in battle represented a quantity of bullets equal to his own weight. Notwithstanding the invention of rifled guns the proportion remains about the same. At Solferino, for example, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 musket shots, while the number of killed among the French was but 2,000 and of the wounded 10,000. Thus a man was hit every 700 shots, and one killed every 4,200."

THE GIPSY WIDOW OF THE VOSGES. From a Picture by Schuler. (See page 788.)



THE GIPSY WIDOW OF THE VOSGES. From a Picture by Schuler (See page 788.)

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B. W. T.—As marriage at a registrar's office was established by law, it is of course legal. The fees are: amount to a few shillings. Notice must be given to the registrar of the district where you live, and twenty-one days must elapse before the ceremony can be performed. A ring is not absolutely necessary because the registrar serves it. If you wish to be married in a room rather than in your own neighbourhood, you must go and live in another one for seven days before you can give the above-mentioned notice.

YOUNG LADY.—The black spots which you describe on your face are caused by the stopping-up of the pores of the skin by means of stercorated perspiration, and the little black "head" is nothing more nor less than dirt. These spots are, however, very difficult to remove sometimes. Plainly if soap should be used in solution, and the flesh dried with a rubbed coarse towel. Cold cream should be applied, or tanned well rubbed in at night; and the healthy action of the skin should be promoted by proper cutaneous medicine, for which we refer you to the "Gleaner for Health." See our advertising columns.

E. S. G.—Our explanation of the reason why a barber uses a striped pole as a sign, is that in ancient times, barbers were also blood-letters, and that is to say, when a person required to be bled, a barber, and not a physician, was called upon to perform the task. Hence the pole with a white and red stripe running along its length, to represent a bleeding arm with a white bandage around it. This sign having been once adopted, and having become known to the world over, it has been retained, although the barbers themselves, for the most part, have no idea of its origin.

C. H.—If you have thoroughly mastered your arithmetic, geography, grammar, and other elementary works, you would find much advantage in reading history and the biographies of eminent men. It would be a good plan, also, to read Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru," "Ferrius and Isabel," and "Philip II." "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," Froese's "History of England," Telford's "History of the Norman Conquest," "The Lives of the Queens of England," "The History of the Commonwealth and the Empire," Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," and any other history which you can get hold of. In reading these various works, you will find that history is often disagreeable on important topics; and you must learn to judge for yourself. You can order the work, through your bookseller, who will also tell you their respective prices.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

		H. W. L. E.
		A. M. P. M.
26	Sun rises, 3h. 57m.; sets, 7h. 58m. ...	0 16
27	Trinity Sunday ...	0 40 1 0
28	Sir H. Davy died, 1829 ...	1 21 1 40
29	Restoration of King Charles II, 1660 ...	1 58 2 15
30	John of Arcun, 1431 ...	2 32 2 50
31	Dr. Chalmers died, 1841 ...	3 7 3 25
1	Dramatic College established, 1860 ...	3 40 3 57

Moon's changes.—Full moon 29 h, 1h. 18 m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Gen. 1; Matt. 3.

AFTERNOON.

Gen. 18; 1 John 5.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast and Fast days.—26th, Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury (A.D. 604); Corpus Christi; 1st June, Nicomedia, Roman priest; and martyr (A.D. 90).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 26 1866

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

SOME years before the Crimean war an English officer amused his countrymen by undertaking the performance of two scientific miracles. He said he would produce a gun which should throw a ball upwards of three miles, and that he would destroy a ship at sea instantaneously by means of a small floating machine. Like most inventors, he met with little credit, and yet we now know that one of his undertakings was perfectly practicable, while we are gradually beginning to appreciate the importance of the other. Captain Warner's "long range," for some years an object of ridicule, is now the ordinary characteristic of modern artillery, and an official experiment with genuine torpedoes ended, the other day, in blowing up an old frigate, the *America*. The instrument, in fact, has been made the subject of special inquiry, and a "Floating Obstruction Committee" is charged with the duty of once more testing the powers of this long disused engine of war. The torpedo, in some form and under some name or other, is a device of ancient date. In the wars of the French Revolution it was more than once employed, but with no success proportioned to the cost and trouble of the operation. On one occasion we were taunted with our triumph in "breaking French windows with English guineas," the destruction of glass ensuing upon the explosion being the sole result of an experiment directed at vast expense against the shipping in a French port. It is not difficult to understand the failure of such attempts, for, indeed, we are hardly in a position to command success even now; but the actual experience of the American war, combined with the researches of modern engineers, has gone far to convince us that the torpedo may be made a most powerful instrument of defence in naval warfare. A very few words will suffice to show what is certain and what is uncertain in the matter, and to explain how such machinery may succeed, and where it may fail. Captain Warner's experiment, it may be remembered, was conducted in the open sea off Brighton. His torpedo lay invisible in the water, and when a ship was dexterously guided upon it, the vessel, to the surprise of the spectators, was, surely enough, lifted up suddenly by an explosion, and in another minute had disappeared beneath the waves. Now, what is certain about the matter is, that any vessel, however large or strong, could undoubtedly be destroyed in like manner if she could be guided as truly to the place of destruction, and if the destructive powers of the torpedo were in full activity. What is uncertain is the ability of our engineers so to plant torpedoes, and so to explode them, that the expected results may uniformly or generally ensue. It will be seen, however, that this particular difficulty disappears in certain cases, to which the invention of the torpedo is peculiarly applicable. If the channel through which a ship must pass is so narrow that her path may be calculated to a certainty, then the torpedoes planted on that path cannot be escaped.

We have a great length of coast exposed to attack in the event of war; we have many rivers open to an enemy's cruisers, and we have many ports which we should be puzzled to protect against such attempts as the modern science of war might probably suggest. Under such circumstances nothing could be more valuable or opportune than the perfection of an invention which would close any channel against an enemy however daring or formidable. A torpedo is just as efficacious against a first-rate iron-clad as against a wooden gunboat. It only requires to be known whether we can really turn the idea to good practical account, or, in other words, whether the reliance to be placed upon these instruments is sufficient to recommend them for use. We are disposed to think there can be little doubt about the question. If the Americans did as much as they are known to have done, we could surely, with better materials and leisure for improvement, do a good deal more, and we should be glad to see the inquiry prosecuted with the care and science which the subject demands.

URGENT remonstrances have recently been made to the Chief Commissioner of Works from various quarters, and more especially by the parochial authorities of St. George's, Hanover-square, against the misrule and vice which is allowed by the Ranger of Hyde-park (the Duke of Cambridge) to prevail unchecked within its precincts after the park is closed at night. The gates are then locked, the park-keepers go to their homes, the lodge-keepers go to bed, and the park is utterly given up to the hordes of tramps and roughs of both sexes, who, during the summer months, pass their night there. Any decent persons caught in crossing the park at the hour of locking up have no choice but to remain prisoners until the morning if they are not sufficiently active to climb the iron railings, for it is a point of professional honour with the lodge-keepers to resist all attempts at rousing them after they have once turned in. A number of prostitutes, too, of the very lowest grade ply unmolested in the park their dismal calling, spreading around them disease until they are themselves stricken down by it, when they take refuge and perish in the neighbouring workhouses. And it is this wretched fact that has at last set the authorities of St. George's parish in action. It is now required that the incompetent and useless park-keepers, to whose care the park has hitherto been entrusted, shall be superseded, and that they shall be replaced by the metropolitan police, who shall supervise and patrol its area by night as well as by day; that policemen shall be on duty all night at all its gates to let out persons who may have been accidentally shut in; and that two or three of the mounted police shall be stationed in Botten-row between the hours of twelve and two p.m., to keep in check the galloping snobs, grooms, and horsebreakers of both sexes, by whose reckless brutality the lives and limbs of her Majesty's lieges are daily endangered. To effect this reform, mere management, and not money, is wanted. The discordant condition in which the police of Hyde-park now is distinctly indicates want of ability or attention on the part of its ranger; and the costly landscape and flower gardening so extensively and successfully carried out by Mr. Cowper as clearly shows that that condition is owing to no lack of funds. It is of far more importance to the inhabitants of the West-end of London that the park to which they and their families resort should be orderly, cleanly, and well watched, than that it should be picturesque and gay with flowers; and in the case of Hyde-park there seems to be no reason why its police should not be as effective as its horticulture. What should we say of a vestry or a board of guardians which managed its affairs as miserably as the ranger of Hyde-park and the First Commissioner of Works manage between them the park police? And in these days, when so many hard things are said of vestries and boards of guardians, it behoves rangers and first commissioners to set their parks in order if they do not wish that equally hard things should be said of them.

MARRYING EARLY.—William Barker, apparently under 20, and Alice Barker, his wife, who said her age was now 18, came before the court under the following circumstances:—The wife stated they were married a year since. She had bitterly regretted it shortly afterwards, and was now fully resolved to have a separation. Magistrate: What has your husband done? Wife: What has he not done? Why, on the 7th of this month he got me into the passage, struck me with his fist between the eyes (one eye yet exhibited a bruise), then took out a knife and swore that he would murder me—cut my throat. Magistrate: What was the cause of that? Wife: Oh! he ill-treats me generally. Magistrate: What is he? Wife: A shoemaker, and can earn 30s. to 35s. a week; and yet look at me. These are all the things I have to wear, and they were given by one person and another. He has kept me without food and says that if I get him punished he will buy a pistol and shoot me. I am determined that I will not live with him. On one occasion he struck the baby, and then hit me. It's no use, I won't live with him any longer. Magistrate: Where do you live? Wife: In Lonsdale-street, Bethnal-green—at least, he does, for I won't go back there, I'll go my mother. The husband assured the magistrate that "Alice" had greatly exaggerated the whole matter. Certainly his home was not quite a happy one, whose was? but she wouldn't make her own sunshine nor allow him to do so. The fact was she had ill advisers. He did not know how to deal with her. He might have tried threats, but never intentionally hurt her or the baby. The magistrate remarked that her dirty and ragged appearance was a disgraceful reflection on him, although possibly she had listened to bad advice. They were both very young, the world was before them, probably for many years, and it was the duty of each to strive for the comfort of the other. Here, again, the young wife declared she would not return home. The magistrate could not see any reason why she should not, and the husband should enter into recognisances to come up for judgment when called on, which would certainly be the case if he gave cause for further complaint. The husband said he should be proud and happy to receive his wife, but the wife replied that she should be neither the one nor the other, and left the court, persisting in her expressed intention to go straight to her mother.

ARTISTS' FEES.—The town of Antwerp, wishing to give a concert to King Leopold II, who is about to visit that place for the first time since his accession, determined to engage two celebrated Parisian singers, Mademoiselle Nilsson and M. Faure. The lady demanded £60, and the gentleman £100 for singing two morceaux each, so that the corporation of Antwerp has been obliged to renounce its intention.

TWO SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PENCIL CASE, 2½ inches long, with a reserve of ink, to last as long as the ink, and to be given to the winner of a prize for 36 samples. PARKER, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. N.B.—The whole stock of watches and jewellery at a great discount; 2s. taken off every 20s., and 1s. 6d. off every 10s. purchaser. Watch, clock, and jewellery price-list and stamp. The proprietor removing to Oxford-street. [Advertisement.]

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Mlle. Irma de Murak made her first appearance this season at this establishment on Tuesday evening, the 17th, as Lucy Ashton in "Lucia de Lammermoor." Her reception was most enthusiastic, and the performance throughout may be characterized as truly magnificent. She was powerfully supported by Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley. On Saturday evening Mlle. Irma de Murak appeared as Amina in "La Sonnambula." On Whit-Monday the house was again crowded to witness "Les Huguenots," which was gloriously performed by Mlle. Titlens, Mlle. Binloo, Mlle. Bettelheim, Signor Mongini, Signor Sagnio, Signor Gassier, Signor Boest, Herr Bokitsanski, and Mr. Santley. So perfect a cast augured a perfect performance. And so indeed it was. Mlle. Titlens indeed surpassed herself, which had previously been considered impossible. The audience were in ecstasies, and seemed never weary of applauding her magnificent singing and most noble acting. Mlle. Binloo sang the florid and beautiful music allotted to Marguerite de Valois with great brilliancy and admirable effect; and Mlle. Bettelheim acted the part of the Page exceedingly well. Signor Mongini's grand voice and energetic style told with wonderful effect in certain parts of the music of Raoul. No artist since Tamburini has given so much importance and weight to the singing and acting of St. Bris as Signor Gassier; and in all probability no artist ever sang the music of Nevers so finely and so perfectly as Mr. Santley. As for Herr Bokitsanski, he is admirably suited, by voice and feeling, for the rough and simple minded Parolan servant of Raoul, and his singing of the famous "Piff Paff" was one of the features of the performance. The band and chorus were inimitable throughout, and the wonderful double chorus in the scene of the Pre aux Cleres, between the Catholics and Protestants, proved, not for the first time, that the present chorus at Her Majesty's Theatre is the best that the Italian opera ever boasted of in this country.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mlle. Adeline Patti appeared on Monday night as Amina in "La Sonnambula," the character in which she first performed before an English audience. From the first scene, in which the light-hearted Amina expresses her innocent joy in her approaching marriage, to the last, in which the sorely tried heroine recovers her former hilarity, Mlle. Patti, in voice, singing, and demeanour, is acknowledged to be eminently unsurpassable. The Elvino was Signor Fancelli, who was certainly not so successful as Signor Mongini in the same part at Her Majesty's. M. Faure enacted the Count in his usual artistic style, yet we again give the preference to Mr. Santley's Count at the rival establishment.

PRINCESS'S.—As announced in our last, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean made their welcome reappearance on Thursday, the 17th, on the stage of this theatre after that famous tour of three years round the world. The house was crowded to excess by a most distinguished audience, and at the time the play commenced numbers were vainly applying for admission. As soon as the curtain rose on the play of "Henry the Eighth" there was that general buzz of expectation which is such an infallible sign of an audience being collected under unusual circumstances. When Mr. Charles Kean entered as the Cardinal, there was such an enthusiastic greeting as had never been given before under that roof. Rounds of acclamation, again and again repeated, testified to the zeal with which the entire assemblage sought to convey the sense of their gratification, and as soon as the scenes had apparently died away, from the effect of sheer exhaustion, they were unexpectedly resumed and renewed with greater vigour than before. Mr. Charles Kean was manifestly completely overcome by the warmth of his reception, and some little time elapsed before he could recover his self-possession. That he looked exceedingly well after the very arduous journey he had undertaken was the first thought of the delighted audience, and that he had in no degree lost any of those rippling powers which had so often ministered to their intellectual enjoyment on these boards became soon as satisfactorily demonstrated. There was not a scene in the play which did not command the closest attention of the audience, and at the termination of the third act Mr. Charles Kean received a renewed ovation. At the end of the play both Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were loudly called, and after they had gracefully acknowledged the compliment, Mr. Charles Kean stepped forward, and with evident emotion thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I would fain say a few words, but that my strong emotion quite overcomes me. During our three years' absence we have travelled thousands of miles, and been exposed to many dangers by land and sea; but in storm or sunshine, in the hour of peril or in the day of success, one thought has ever been present to my wife and myself—the thought of home (immense applause)—the residence of the heart. (Cheers.) With the blessing of providence, we find ourselves again in England, on the very spot of my past and well-loved labours, surrounded by kind and dear friends, whose affectionate greeting makes us indeed feel that we are once more at home." (Great cheering.) The applause which followed was of the most enthusiastic description, and thus closed one of the rare events in theatrical history which form so often afterwards a topic of conversation among those who had the good fortune to take a share in the celebration. The play was preceded by the comedieta of "A Lucky Hit," and was followed, close upon midnight, by the farcical sketch of "Quiet Lodgings." The same pieces have been played during the past week, and the applause given to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, although not so boisterous, has been equally gratifying.

STRAND.—This establishment was crowded on Monday evening last to witness the production of a two-act drama by the late Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles, entitled "Aladdin; or, True unto Death." Our space will only admit of our saying that the drama was successful, and that its plot must be reserved until our next.

NEW SURETY.—This theatre was re-opened on Monday under the management of Madame Jenny Bair, for the production of English opera, when Balfe's opera of "Satanella; or, the Power of Love" was produced. Mr. W. Parkins, as Count Rapt; Mr. J. Rouse, as Hortensius; Mr. Aynaley Cook, as Brascovich, deserve especial commendation; but the palm, however, was won by Madame Jenny Bair, the manageress herself, in her musical impersonation of Satanella, the character from which the piece is named. The band and chorus, under Herr Meyer Luis, as musical director and conductor, were most efficient. After the opera the National Anthem was sung by the full strength of the company, the audience rising on the occasion. The performance was most effective. The entertainments were brought to a close by the musical farce of "Why Don't She Marry." There was a full house, and, for a holiday evening, exceedingly orderly.

BRITANNIA.—A new piece was put upon the stage at this theatre for the holiday week. It is founded upon a tale published in one of the popular periodicals, and called, "Rich and Poor; a Story of the Four Seasons." There is plenty of exciting incident in the drama, which our space will not allow us to enumerate. The principal burden of the representation of the serious business rested upon Mrs. Yarnold, Miss Miles, and Mrs. Morton, and upon Mr. Harding, Mr. Drummond, and Mr. Reynolds. There was also another drama which has been for some short time upon the stage, "The Corporal's Daughter; or, the Garnet Ring," in which Mrs. Lane, Miss Clara St. Oasse, and Mr. Bigwood took the parts. In the interval between the two performances there were dancing and

singing, and the Hungarian dancers—the brothers and sister Kiralfy—from the Oxford and Alhambra Music Hall, went through their wonderful exhibition of grace and strength, and received such applause as had already fallen to their lot in other quarters of the metropolis. We need scarcely add that the house was full.

STANDARD.—On Monday evening, Miss Avonia Jones made her first appearance here in her dual characters of Lady Isabel Carlyle and Madame Vine, in Mr. Oxenford's drama of "East Lynne," which has been put upon the stage in excellent style, some new and beautiful scenery having been painted expressly for the occasion by Mr. Richard Douglas and Mr. John Neville. Miss Avonia Jones received several calls before the curtain, and retired amidst enthusiastic expressions of approbation. The characters of Archibald Carlyle (Mr. Henry Walton), and Mr. Dill, his confidential clerk (Mr. Britton Wright), were very well delineated; and Mr. Dyas, as Miss Cornelia Carlyle, was very amusing and energetic. After the drama, Miss Annie Adams gave some of her celebrated comic songs with great spirit and animation, to the evident delight of the faithful part of the audience. And the performances were brought to a conclusion with the amusing burlesque of "Abou Hassan; or, the Cockney Caliph."

ALEXANDRA.—At this pretty theatre, at Highbury Barn, the performances on Monday night commenced with the farce of "Cherry Bounce" (for the first time here). Mr. John Mordant as Old Bant, Mr. J. G. Taylor as Derry Moarty, and Messrs. Howard and Braid as Gammon and Spingee, were each humorously portrayed; while Miss Kate Warner as the Doctor's Boy round the Corner, and Miss Rayner as Mrs. Homespun, sustained the characters assigned to them with much effect. The farce was followed by the burlesque extravaganza of "Maxeppe; or, the Tame Horse of Tartary." This has for some time past been a great favourite here, the performance throughout being well and humorously sustained. Mr. Giovannelli as Drolinsko was welcomed from time to time with rounds of applause. During the performance, and immediately after, large parties of the audience alighted away to enjoy the amusements provided for them, of dancing *à fresco* on the monster crystal platform, or to trip it on the light fantastic toe in the magnificent hall. The illuminations of the gardens and grounds were really magnificent; and the Highbury band, under the direction of Mr. B. Isaacson, played their dances and other music with their usual judgment and zeal, the company remaining till a late hour. The supper-rooms were crowded, and there was a host of visitors.

THE WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—To enumerate one half of the amusements provided for the holiday folk, both in the metropolis and its suburbs, would be simply impossible. The sun shone with great brilliancy all day, but there was a high and keen wind. All the railways were early thronged with excursionists. The Crystal Palace scored upwards of 42,000 visitors. By boat and rail, Greenwich-park, as of old, was largely patronised, the holiday folks amusing themselves in the time-honoured style shown in our illustrations on pages 792 and 793. Hampton Court, Richmond, Kew, and the nearer rendezvous, Hampstead-heath, attracted their usual thousands; while the British Museum, National Gallery, the Zoological Gardens, Madame Tussaud's, the Polytechnic, and other exhibitions, both in the day and in the evening, were thronged.

CHLOROFORMING A CRIMINAL.

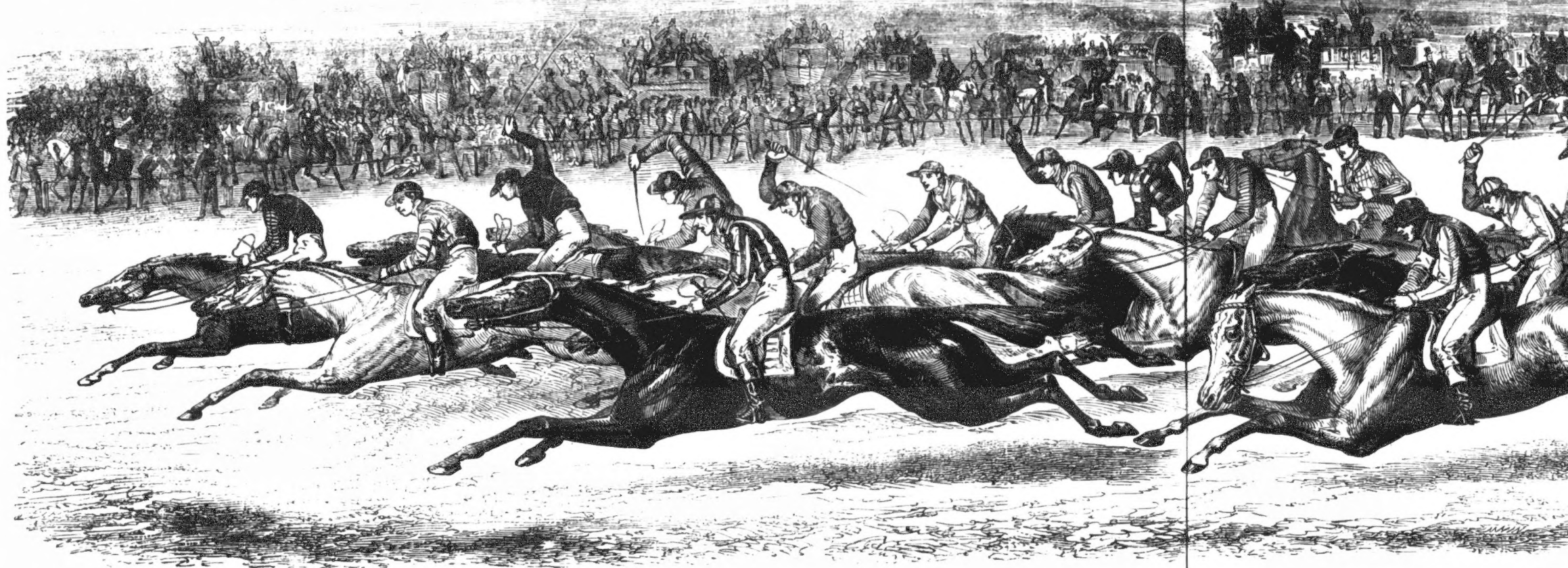
THE Cleveland Herald says:—"The third execution that ever took place in Portage County, and the first in twenty-six years, occurred yesterday, April 27, at Ravenna, within the county gaol. Samuel Wittum, alias Jack Cooper, alias William Moore, alias Samuel Clark, alias William White, suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of John Rodenbaugh in October last. Since his confinement in gaol Cooper has made three attempts to regain his liberty. Since his confinement so less than five knives have been taken away from him. On Monday last a razor and a bottle of chloroform were found in his possession. After a desperate attempt made by Cooper to break gaol on Sunday night he remained remarkably quiet; but it was thought by those who had watched him the closest and knew his disposition the best, that there was something wicked brewing. Close observation of his movements convinced Sheriff Jennings that another attempt to rescue would be made, and he concluded to place him in irons. By some means, probably through some of the prisoners, Cooper became aware of the intention of the sheriff. It was decided to put the irons on him on Wednesday. During the day he went into his cell and barricaded himself within it. He tore up his bunk and placed the pieces against the door. When the sheriff came to shackle him, he swore that no one should enter the cell, and that the irons should never go on his limbs while he was alive. He was perfectly wild with excitement. His eyes glistened through the barred door like those of an infuriated tiger. He raved and roared around his cell like a madman, cursing and swearing in the most blasphemous manner. The sheriff found that it would be impossible to confine him without considerable assistance. He therefore called in several prominent men of the town to consult as to the best course to be pursued. Among them was Dr. D. B. Jennings, who proposed that chloroform should be used to subdue the enraged murderer. It was at first objected to by some, but Drs. Keyes and Graham being consulted, it was decided that that was the only means of accomplishing the desired end. Two large syringes were procured, that would each hold about one pound of the subtle fluid. The syringes were filled with the chloroform, a bed-quilt procured to place over the grating of the cell door, and, after everything was prepared the contents of one of the syringes were discharged in the cell, and luckily struck Cooper full in the face. He was somewhat taken aback by his novel procedure, and told them to come on with their doctors' stuff, but they would never subdue him in that manner. A second discharge of the chloroform-laden syringe, however, did the work. In little less than four minutes from the time of the first injection of the chloroform, the raging man was quiet, and sank down on the floor, perfectly helpless. The sheriff and his assistants took him out into the corridor of the gaol, where the manacles were placed on his legs and arms. In about fifteen minutes he revived, but the deed was done, and he was unable to do further harm. As soon as he became able to speak and move, he raised his manacled hands and said, with a wicked oath, "Gentlemen, you have shown a good deal of wit, but you are a set of cowards." This took place on Wednesday. In the process of injecting chloroform into the cell, a portion of the fluid struck him in the eyes, and other portions went into his bosom, blistering his body considerably. At one o'clock he came upon the scaffold for the last time, accompanied by the sheriff and his assistants. He had a cigar in his mouth, and on reaching the platform he was seated in a chair. Sheriff Jennings then stepped forward and read the warrant for execution. He asked him if he had anything to say, and he answered that he had. Then followed one of the most incoherent, rambling, and maudlin speeches that ever was listened to. It was impossible to report it, and even if reported it would be read without satisfaction. He wandered and rambled through a jumble of words in the most stottering manner for twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was told that his hour had come. He asked the sheriff how long he had to live. "Only one minute," he then said, "Let me die—knock it out." At these words the spring was touched, the trap opened, and the spirit of one of the most desperate of men was sent before the Great Judge."

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A HERMIT.

A SHORT time ago it was briefly announced in the *Chronicle* that a strange character, in the person of an old man, was seated at the mouth of the Tees, living in a wild state, and who had been a resident on the banks of this river for a number of years. The paragraph caught the eye of a woman in Lanchashire, Scotland, and believing that this hermit was her long lost brother, she wrote for some information concerning him. Accordingly our Hartlepool correspondent paid a visit to the retreat of this singular individual, and furnishes us with the result of his interview:—"About three miles from the pretty little watering place of Seaton Carew there is a large tract of level ground called the 'Snook,' which, at high tide, is covered with water by the overflowing of the river Tees. Near to the coastguard station, which is situated on the sheltered side of a large sandbank, a hermit has for some time taken up his lonely, squatter fashion. He is a man over fifty years of age, attired in a perfect network of stitches—a most picturesque piece of patchwork. He wears an *outré* slouch hat manufactured by his own hand out of the skin of a dead dog—a wail and stray of the ocean—which had washed up with the tide on the sea beach. His personal appearance is not altogether inviting, but his physical development is, to a certain degree, prepossessing, presenting a noble figure, with a pleasing expression of countenance. He converses most rationally upon any subject, and from some writings on the 'laws of nature,' which he prides himself in showing to his visitors as being his own composition, it may be assumed that he is not without literary ability. He sports a long beard tinged with grey, and the hair of his head hangs in long, shaggy locks over his coat, which, like that of Joseph of old, is one of many colours. He gives his name as John Marley, and says he is the nursed heir to Kirkcatham estates, near Redcar. The hermitage or habitation of this singular personage is of a somewhat amphibious nature, consisting of the body of a cab vehicle, which is secured to the bottom of a large superannuated boat. Here he resides, saving the cab fitted up with a stove, shelves, seat, and table, existing chiefly upon mussels, cockles, and herbs, which he gathers on the shore. He is not fastidious in his diet, and he at times makes a hearty repast on the carcases of dead animals or fish which wash up on the beach. Since his residence on the Snook he has had many visitors from Seaton and the Hartlepool, whose curiosity led them to pay the hermit a visit, but a strange trait in his character is that he refuses to receive any money, and scarcely will receive any present, unless it be tobacco, for which he appears to have a strong partiality. It appears, from his own statement, that this strange character when an infant was entrusted to the care of Mrs. Jane Thompson, then residing at Sunderland, but who died a few years ago, by a gentleman to her unknown, but who paid her handsomely for looking after her trust. She brought him up until he had reached the age of six years, when, during an illumination in Sunderland on the occasion of the celebration of the coronation of King George IV, the little hero was forcibly taken away from her custody by two men in disguise, and a day or two after the child was found with its throat cut on the Sunderland sands, but its wounds were attended to by a doctor, and its life was saved, the mark of the cut being still perceptible. Our hero remained with Mrs. Thompson until he was ten years of age, when he suddenly disappeared, having again been stolen by 'ruffianly hirelings,' and for three or four years after this he has little recollection of his whereabouts, but has a slight remembrance of being confined in some dark room, from whence he was taken and placed on board a ship, which landed him at Canada, in North America. Here he remained until the year 1838, following different pursuits, and being extremely penurious he saved some money, and returned to England. He shipped from London as a seaman on a collier for Middlesborough, but the vessel was lost at the mouth of the River Tees, and the crew escaped merely with their lives, all Marley's clothing and money having gone down with the vessel. This loss had such an effect on his mind that he determined for the remainder of his life to live in seclusion, and from that time to the present he has been leading the life of a hermit on the banks of the Tees. The structure in which he now resides he has had about five years, having had a similar one previous, but which was wrecked during a heavy flood. About four years ago the late Superintendent Dixon, of the West Hartlepool county police force, was intrusted by some gentleman of the name of Evans, of London, to endeavour to ascertain the whereabouts of this strange individual, as he was left to some extensive estates. Mr. Dixon succeeded shortly before his death in finding out the hermit, but he refused to leave the life he was leading, or go to look after his estates. A year after this, his old nurse was on her death-bed, and having had information of her young protégé, sent for him, and he complied with her desire to see him; and it was on going to Sunderland that he found out that he was the nursed heir to the Kirkcatham estates, and that he was put out of the way shortly after he was born, and was christened, according to instructions, by his nurse by the name of John Marley. The hermit is satisfied as to his rightful claim to this estate, and has some documentary evidence in his possession to confirm the assertion of his claim prior to his last disposal. He says he will not move in the matter as long as Mrs. Newcomb is alive, but should he survive her, will substantiate his right.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

M. DU CHAILLU VINDICATED.—Captain Bichon, of the good ship *Antoine*, which sailed recently into Havre, brings good news for M. du Chailu and utter confusion to his enemies. He arrives direct from Lagos, and declares that during his stay in Gabon he took part in the capture and destruction of a huge gorilla. The gigantic brute measured two metres seventy centimetres from the crown of the head to the heel. He had been pursued by the natives for carrying off a native woman from a plantation. Therefore the savans themselves are defeated, for it was only at the recent lately held at the Académie, to determine the fact of the animal's existence, that the story related by Buffon and other naturalists of its fondness for the refined society of the black ladies was pronounced to be utterly untrue and incompatible with every reasonable supposition admitted in natural history.

A RAILWAY BRIDGE ON FIRE.—On Sunday afternoon the traffic on the London and Greenwich Railway between Greenwich and Deptford was interrupted for several hours in consequence of the bridge which crosses the Deptford Canal having caught fire. It would appear that a large heap of straw lying close to the bridge at either side of the canal was ignited by a spark from one of the boats, and the fire was communicated to the bridge, a great portion of which is constructed of wood. The fire was immediately discovered, and messengers were at once despatched to the nearest station for the fire engines, which were promptly in attendance. Meanwhile the running of all the trains to Greenwich was suspended, and every precaution taken to ensure the public safety. A copious supply of water was poured on the fire by the engines and it was quickly extinguished, after which an examination of the bridge was made by the officers of the company, when it was found to be uninjured. A portion of the woodwork was slightly charred, but proper tests having been applied it was found that the security of the structure was in no way endangered. Traffic was accordingly resumed after about four or five hours of interruption. A large crowd was collected to witness the fire, and the passing of the first train after it was put out was watched with considerable interest—almost anxiety. When it got safely over a loud cheer arose from the persons assembled. The accident occasioned some inconvenience to the Sunday excursionists to Greenwich-park, many of whom were delayed longer than was agreeable. Fortunately no buildings were near, or the fire might have extended and done considerable injury.



THE GREAT RACE FOR THE DERBY, 1866.—ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

THE above illustration represents the horses running for the Derby stakes turning Tattenham Corner, and coming into the straight running to the winning-post. The following is a description of the scene by an eye-witness:—

"My first impression on arriving on Epsom Downs was that all London had turned out by common consent for a picnic. Doubtless, there were hundreds present really anxious about the race, and who did not conceal their anxiety. But I saw them not. The vast mass—how many hundreds of thousands constituted it I should not like to guess—seemed to have given themselves up unreservedly to pleasure, with not a thought or care about the respective merits of Lord Lyon or Rustic, and with no fear whatever respecting the 'dark' division. Had Mr. Nelson Lee himself

looked after the amusements of this wonderful festival they could not have been more congenial to the public taste than those I saw. Aunt Sally took the lead, of course, and was pelted at along a space of several hundred yards with a perseverance and a want of skill which put the old lady in a far safer position than it did the ragged fellows picking up the missiles, whose lives were not insurable, even with the extra risk premium. Equally, of course, the 'niggers' were pervading the entire scene. All these gentry were absurd—for 'tis their nature to,' as Dr. Watts has observed about some others; some were contemptible, and one lot positively dreary, which in their case is an unpardonable offence. In the entire band there was not a spark of fun, and their singing of 'Tapioca' was as soul-depressing an exhibition as can be conceived. Then there were performing animals, notably a learned pony, who knew the sum of two and two better than many Chris-

tians; buy-a-broom girls, hurdy-gurdies, infant prodigies in almost every department, gipsy fortune-tellers, and last, but not least, the concentrated German bands of the metropolis, all playing together and each a different tune. Hemming in these wonderments, or eddying round them, and streaming over the downs on all sides, were the happy, mirthful throngs of pleasure-seekers, each one, gentle or simple, lord or lout, contributing his quota to the universal good humour that reigned around.

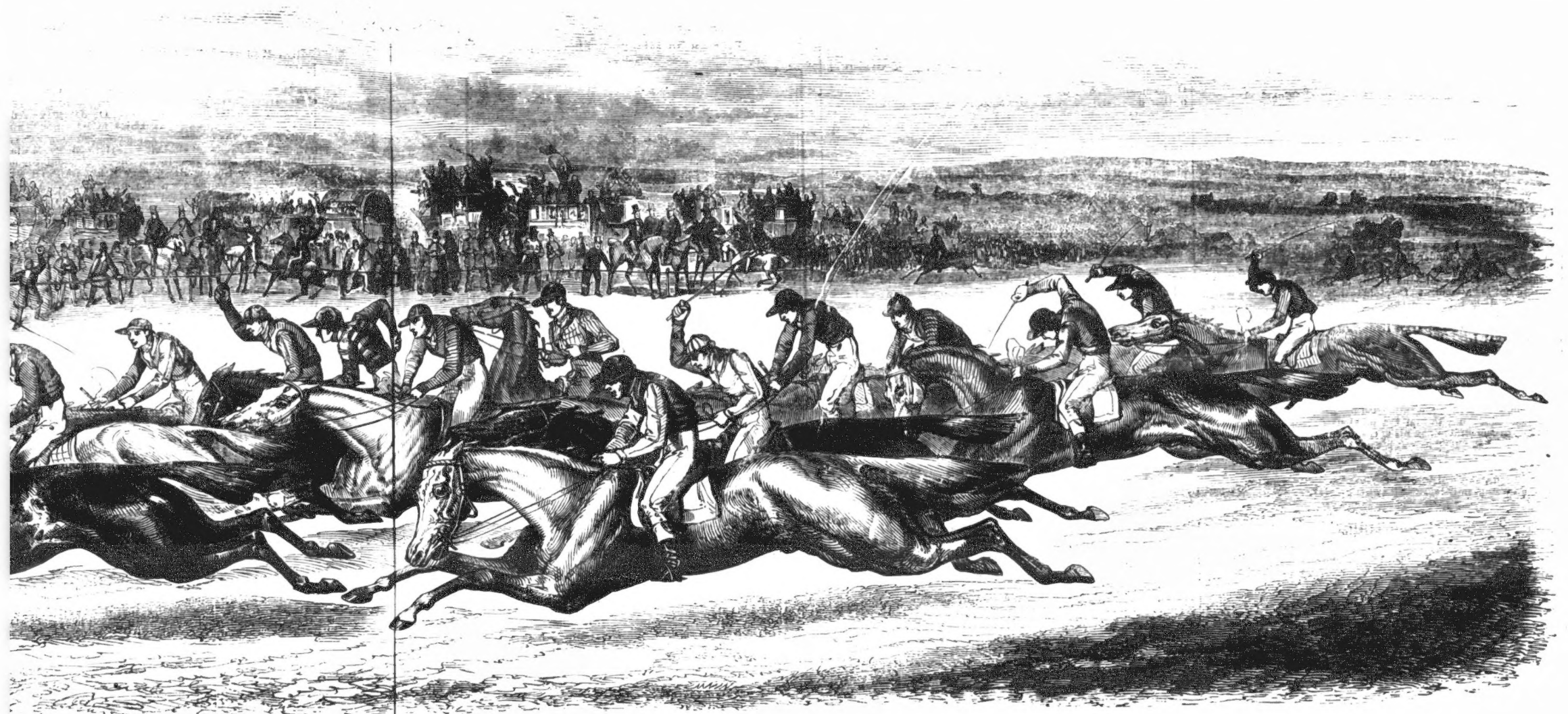
"So far there was nothing of the real business of the day to be seen. But now, high over the Babel of sounds, was heard the clang of a bell, which acted upon the crowd with a magical influence. Laughter died on the lips, and the careless look turned to one of anxiety and pre-occupation, while the deep diapason of the mob subsided into a low murmur. The niggers ceased their minstrelsy, and betook themselves elsewhere, followed by the

German bands. Infant prodigies changed into ordinary children, the learned animals became indistinguishable from less gifted kin, and down in the hollow Aunt Sally's a pile of sticks, and sat down to rest. Still the bell rang, the crowds of vehicles bordering the course became alive again, and the hill a dark mass of human beings, framed by white canvas of the innumerable booths. Still it rang on, and the police began to make demonstrations on the course itself, ing up and down in strong bodies, and clearing it with capable patience and good humour. Then the clangour and the broad belt of green stretched away on either side, dividing the countless thousands into two such armies have drawn tears from Xerxes. Soon there appeared along the course the animals who were to take part in the race. At these people stared without any exhibition of



GREENWICH PARK ON WHIT-MONDAY. (See page 791.)





THE GREAT RACE FOR THE DERBY, 1866.—ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.

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less gifted kin, and down in the hollow Aunt Sally's attendants
piled their sticks, and sat down to rest. Still the bell rang on, as
the crowds of vehicles bordering the course became alive with oc-
cupants, and the hill a dark mass of human beings, framed by the
white canvas of the innumerable booths. Still it rang on yet, as the
police began to make demonstrations on the course itself, march-
ing up and down in strong bodies, and clearing it with commend-
able patience and good humour. Then the clangour stopped,
and the broad belt of green stretched away on either hand,
dividing the countless thousands into two such armies as would
have drawn tears from Xerxes. Soon there appeared cantering
along the course the animals who were to take part in the first
race. At these people stared without any exhibition of interest,

rousing a little, however, as the bell announced that a start had
been effected. There was some shouting when the horses got
into the straight, and a great cry of 'Yellow wins' around me as
that colour shot swiftly by, sufficiently ahead to make the prop-
hecy a safe one. That business decided—the overture played
and the curtain about to rise on the greatest drama of its kind—
the excitement began perceptibly to increase. The roar of the
multitude, which had burst out again after the preliminary race,
subsided as the bell rang to clear the course for the Derby. The
police had little trouble this time; men seemed too anxious to get
the matter well over to throw any obstacles in their way.
Scarcely had the broad green belt stood out once more in well-
defined symmetry before there appeared walking down its centre
a magnificent animal, the sheen of whose coat was as velvet, and
whose splendid proportions were appreciable by such a tyro in

horselflesh as myself. He was ridden by a jockey in a black jacket
and scarlet cap, at sight of which there was a general exclamation
of 'Lord Lyon!' and a general levelling of glasses at the favourite
competitor for the blue riband. But attention was soon divided
among the small squadron which came streaming up from the en-
closure to take the preliminary canter. As they went past, the
brilliant colours of the jockeys, ever changing positions as they
were, had quite a kaleidoscopic effect, and formed one of the pret-
tiest sights of the day. Back they came again, some rushing by
at speed, others taking it more gently, till they were lost from
view in the direction of the starting point: and then drew very
near the moment which was to decide the issue of a twelvemonth's
scheming and speculation. Looking, shortly after, in the direc-
tion to which all faces were now turned, I saw in the distance
what looked like two dense hedges parallel one to the other, and



EXTERIOR OF GREENWICH PARK ON WHIT-MONDAY. (See page 791.)

F. L.—You can have any place you choose for a Pawn advanced to its 8th square, notwithstanding that you may not previously have lost a piece.

POLICE COURT
MANSION HOUSE

BOW STREET.

OLBKENWELL.

to by the parish authorities on the subject, he said he did not care what they did as he was determined to keep all the money he earned for himself. The prisoner said that he was obliged to kneel on his wife and pull her hair to keep her from striking him in the face. Mr Barker asked the complainant if the prisoner had shown any symptoms of insanity since he had left the asylum. The complainant answered in the negative, and said that she had never hit her husband. The second day that she was on guard the prisoner shook her, pulled her out of bed, kicked her, and dragged a handful of hair out of her head. Mr. Barker said he should remand the prisoner for a week, so that he might be examined by the surgeon at the House of Detention.

MARYLEBONE.

WORSHIP STREET.

THE SAD RESULTS OF DRUNKENNESS—Sophia White, 27 years of age, and living at 22, Wimbome-street, New North-road, was charged with cutting her throat, and attempting to throw herself from a window of that house. Police-constable Ninnin, 110 N, said: "Between five and six o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday last I was called to the house where the prisoner lodges, when the landlady begged me to hurry up-stairs, as one of her lodgers had cut her throat. At the moment I entered a room, there I saw the prisoner struggling with a man who was endeavouring to hold her down. She was bleeding from three wounds in the throat. I believe that the man is her husband, and as he released her on seeing me she sprang to the window, but I caught hold of her and prevented her from getting out. This razor, wet with blood, I picked up in the room. I sent for a medical man, and the wounds were dressed. I conveyed her to the station, and subsequently she was removed to the workhouse, on her way to which she told me that she had cut her throat."

responsible for her future.— Mr. Ellison: Who can trust to the responsibility of a drunkard? Husband: This is the first time I have had occasion to come here, sir. Mr. Ellison: What of that? A man may drink his substance and his life away without being brought to a police court. (To the prisoner): I must remand you for a few days, but you will at least be taken care of, and have good advice as to your future. Doubtless your husband was the cause. Husband: Then will you let me take her place? I know I was the cause. Mr. Ellison ordered the prisoner to be removed, still sobbing. She took her child's hand and left the court, followed by her husband, who appeared at least for the time awakened to a sense of his unworthiness. His occupation did not transpire.

SOUTHWARK.

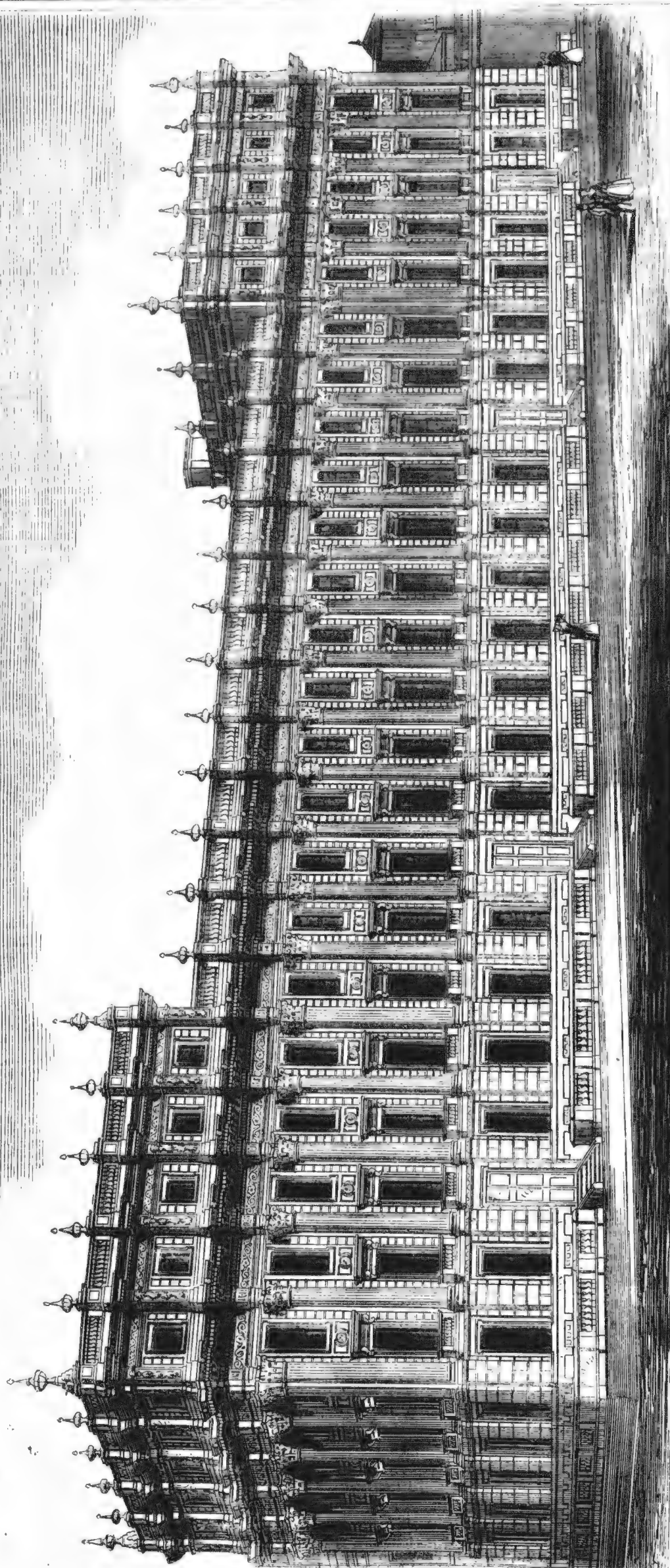
LANBETH.

WANDSWORTH.

HAMMERSMITH.

HIGHGATE

HIGGATE.
ROBBERY AT LORD DUFFERIN'S, HAMPSHIRE.—Charles Bradley, a bricklayer, was charged with stealing eight fancy rabbits at Dufferin Lodge, Hampshire-lane, the property of Lord Dufferin. The prisoner had been at work at the lodge, and on Saturday night, at nearly twelve o'clock, was met at Kentish Town-hill, by John Brown, policeman No. 262 Y, who asked him what he had in his basket. He told him some rabbits, which he had won at a raffie; they were alive at the time, and he killed them. The policeman told him he must go to the station, and on his way he attempted to escape, and he then took him into custody. At the station he admitted that he had stolen the rabbits from Lord Dufferin's mansion, where he had been at work. Mr. Poley, steward to Lord Dufferin, identified the rabbits as the property of his lordship. The prisoner had been at work at the lodge. The rabbits were alive at seven o'clock on the Saturday evening, in a vault under the fowl-house. Mr. Bodkin, the magistrate, asked Mr. Poley whether the prisoner was at work near to the rabbits. Mr. Poley said he had no right to go near them. The bench told the prisoner he would be remanded, and the police could make inquiries about him. The prisoner asked whether bail would be taken. The bench refused to accept bail. Mr. Bodkin and Colonel Teakes commanded the policeman Brown for the manner in which he had acted in the matter. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.



TOWN SKETCHES.—THE PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICES AND BOARD OF TRADE, WHITEHALL

meetings and the business of the Privy Council; and the third and largest division to the affairs of the Board of Trade.

THE LAW OF THE TURF.

THOMAS HODGSON, of Holbeck, near Leeds, commercial traveller, was, on Monday, charged before the magistrates sitting in petty sessions at Epsom with stealing 7½ 6d. from the person of James Hartley, otherwise John Hargreaves, an alleged "welcher." Mr. Harrowell, solicitor, of Epsom, defended the prisoner. James Hartley, the prosecutor, said he lives at the Brunswick Hotel, Piccadilly, and attended Epsom races on the Derby-day. He is a betting man, and was in Langland's stand. Some dispute arose with persons betting with him on the Derby, and he was surrounded and knocked down, and his money taken out of his pocket. The prisoner was among those who assaulted him. He saw him put his hand into his pocket, but could not swear that he took anything out. Some police-constables came, and witness saw one in plain clothes ap-

prehend the prisoner. The witness lost his watch and chain, and between 120s. and 130s. in gold and silver. He was struck and kicked, and his clothes were torn. On being cross-examined by Mr. Harrowell, the witness said he changed his name from Hartley to Hargreaves because he betted with a list. It was not because he had not paid his bets. He always paid his bets. He did not remember seeing the prisoner before the disturbance. The ticket produced was one of his betting tickets. The disturbance began a little before three o'clock. It began by people who had betted with him demanding their money back. They did not tell him he had been "welching" them or was going to "welch" them. James Hutchinson, 576 A, said he saw a disturbance in Langland's enclosure, and on going there found the last witness in the hands of a mob, who were knocking him about and tearing his clothes. Several persons said the prosecutor was a welcher. The prisoner had his right hand in the prosecutor's pocket, and the witness took it out. The prisoner kept both hands shut till the charge was entered at the station, and then 5s. 18s. 6d. was in

one hand, and 17s. 2s. in the other. He had also the two betting tickets produced. Cross-examined by Mr. Harrowell, the witness said he heard the prisoner say he had been betting with the prosecutor, and found him to be a welcher. Several persons accused the prisoner of being a welcher. The prisoner refused to open his hands at the station at first, and said that what he had got there was his own, and he wished to explain himself. William Stead, 652 A, confirmed the evidence of the last witness. Mr. Harrowell said he had a most complete answer to the charge, but Mr. Carter, the chairman of the bench, intimated that the evidence of the prisoner being seen in the act of taking the money out of the prosecutor's pocket left no alternative but to send the matter to a jury. The prisoner, therefore, by the advice of his solicitor, denied the charge, reserving his defence, and was committed for trial at the ensuing Surrey Sessions, the bench accepting bail—the prisoner's own recognizances in 50s., and two sureties in 25s. each—which was at once given, and the prisoner left the court with his friends.

THE NEW TREASURY BUILDINGS, WHITEHALL.

Of the efforts made to redeem the national reputation for architectural taste, the facade of the line of buildings devoted to the Privy Council, the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, may be counted among the most successful.

The original facade was only fifty-two feet six inches in height. By adding a *terrazzo*, or basement, beneath the order, and placing a balustrade on the attic, Mr. Barry contrived to gain nearly seventeen feet in altitude, thereby imparting a majesty to an edifice which formerly wore a squat and dwarfish appearance. The whole of the entablature, as well as the columns, are in the finest Corinthian style.

The purposes of the buildings may well justify a little excess of embellishment. One section of the edifice is appropriated to the Treasury; in other words, to the offices of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—two of the most important functionaries under the Crown. Another is consecrated to the

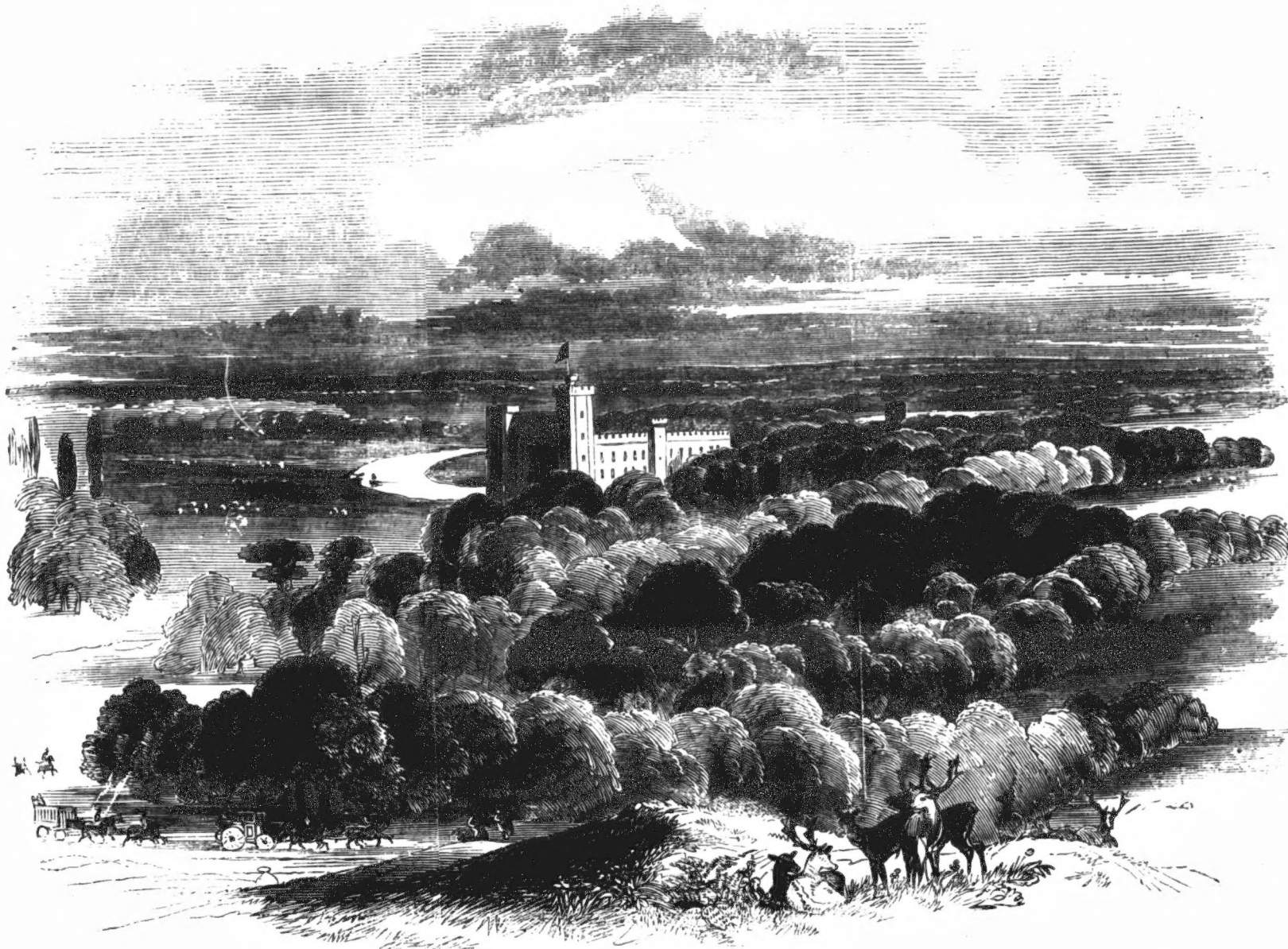
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COUNTRY SKETCHES.—ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THE site of the Castle of Arundel is on the summit of a small ridge, that commands extensive views of the broad open vale or dale through which the river Arun runs in its course to the sea. The situation and stream combined have given name to the town and castle, and which from its similarity in sound to "hirondelle," a swallow, appears also to have suggested to its Norman possessors after the Conquest the swallows that are borne in the arms of Arundel. The situation being a natural fortress of great strength, we are prepared for the obscurity which surrounds the history of its first occupation as a stronghold. Local tradition refers its first construction to the ancient Belgians, and from a deep circular fosse, and from other defences surrounding it, bearing all the characters antiquaries agree in assigning to the works of this people, it is more than probable that, at the time of Caesar's invasion of Britain, Arundel was one of the situations held by the "Saxons of the sea-coast," whom, in his "Commentaries," he expressly states held this part of the island. It may be safely presumed, also, that the Romans took advantage of its natural strength and convenience for a military station, and this is confirmed by the presence of Roman bricks built into the walls of the present keep. The first recorded mention of Arundel Castle, however, is in the will of Alfred the Great, who bequeathed it, with the town, to his nephew Adhelm, so that it must have been a place of considerable importance in the Saxon era of our history. And this suggests, too, another interesting fact, connecting Arundel with the Crown as royal property; for in an ancient pedigree of the Earls of Arundel, King Harold, who was killed at Hastings, is inserted as the last earl previous to Roger de Montgomery, a companion of the Conqueror, and on whom at the Conquest it was conferred with many of the neighbouring manors.

In the family of the Montgomeries, Arundel continued through several generations. Its ancient castle appears to have become very dilapidated, or altogether dismantled, in the time of Henry I, who gave a license to R. D. Belcome, or Montgomery, to build here a castle; but, the monarch and his subject soon after quarrelling, Henry seized Arundel, and held it till his marriage with his second wife, Adeliza, on whom he settled it in dower. Having thus again become a royal apanage, Arundel Castle, during the civil wars in Stephen's reign, was held for the Empress Maud by William de Albani, who made a determined resistance against the usurper, and was ultimately rewarded for his gallantry by the place being conferred upon him by his grateful mistress, on the truce being agreed to which gave her son the throne of England on the demise of Stephen. The apartments occupied by the Empress Maud, when she came to claim the kingdom in 1139, are situated in the tower above the old gateway. They consisted of a suite of three rooms. The entrance was protected by a great sliding door, still remaining, on each side of which niches are pointed out as having been intended for the accommodation of trusty sentinels. From the recorded circumstance that, previous to the empress leaving the kingdom, she gave orders for the old site of the castle to be built upon, it would appear that little more

than the present keep and the tower or gatehouse in which she resided were at that time in existence. These bear many evidences of extreme antiquity. The keep stands upon an artificial mound, upwards of one hundred feet high, and surrounded by a deep fosse, or ditch. The height of the external wall is thirty feet, supported by massy buttresses. It is eight feet thick, forming a convenient platform on the summit, protected by a parapet seven feet high. The interior consists of an irregular round apartment, varying from sixty-seven to fifty-nine feet in diameter. Under the centre is a subterranean room and passage, and in a tower attached to the keep is a well three hundred feet deep. The walls are faced with Caen stone, but built in are numerous Roman bricks, placed in the herring-bone fashion observable in most Saxon reconstructions, from ruins belonging to the empire. The approach to the keep is by a dilapidated staircase. A narrow pass, which formed part of the entrance to the building, was protected by a portcullis, the grooves of which still remain. Of the lower parts of the castle, the tower and gateway already mentioned appear most ancient, and are probably contemporary with the keep. On the right and left of the gateway are the dungeons. They are almost subterranean, the lower wards being very deep; in fact, the foundation walls cannot be traced, from the accumulation of ruins and rubbish, although many efforts have been made to discover the length and breadth of these frightful abodes.

It would require more space than we could well afford to trace the history of Arundel Castle through succeeding reigns. The most notable event, however, appears to be its surrender to the Parliamentary forces under Sir R. Waller: the marks of numerous cannon-balls discharged against the walls during the siege are observable in many places. From William de Albani, the castle and honour of Arundel descended or passed into the family of the Fitzalans. It may here be observed that, by a singular privilege, which no other place in England possesses, Arundel gives the title of earl without creation to its owner. The last Countess Mary Fitzalan was married in 1553 to Thomas Duke of Norfolk. Her dowry was Arundel Castle, the borough and manor, and which have since remained in the Howard family. This Duke of Norfolk was the unfortunate nobleman beheaded on Tower-hill in 1753 for attempting the release of Mary Queen of Scots.

In 1787, after considerable litigation, the then Duke of Norfolk established his claim to the title and family estates. During an abeyance, however, of several years, the ground rents of that part of the Norfolk estate on which stand Arundel and Norfolk-streets, Strand, London, had accumulated to a considerable sum. On the duke coming to the estates, the parties were of course called upon for the payment of arrears, which was refused unless the money for the payment of arrears, which was refused unless the money was solely applied to defray the expense of repairing Arundel Castle, for which purpose it seems these rents were originally appropriated. After a serious legal investigation, the duke, finding it necessary to submit to these terms, gave orders for such alterations in this seat of his ancestors as would amount to the sum due. He was thus enabled to carry on the repairs and improvements of Arundel Castle with the most princely expenditure; as far back as 1797, 260,000*l*. had been laid out, and in 1816, when all was completed, the sum of no less than 600,000*l*. expended.

The ground plan of the present structure nearly resembles that of Windsor Castle in the proportion of nine to fourteen. The style of the restored portions is Gothic, preserved throughout with admirable judgment and good taste, to accord with the presumed age of the original castle. To assist this effect, the stones employed in the reconstruction, taken from the freestone quarries in Yorkshire, were selected of a brown caste, so that the colour of the modern additions should assimilate as much as possible with that of the old remains. In solidity and grandeur, also, it must be observed, the new walls correspond with those upon the site of which they have been raised. These additions include an entire new front, profusely sculptured with the insignia of the house of Howard, mixed with those of their predecessors, and two colossal figures, representing Liberty and Hospitality, ornament the grand entrance into this princely edifice.

The present Duke of Norfolk was born in 1847. He is the fifteenth, and premier duke and earl of England.

A LOST CITY FOUND.—Considerable interest prevails in America concerning the discovery by General Lyon, late of the Confederate army, of the ruins of a city in Mexico unknown to Mexican archives. The country containing these ruins is called by the Indians Metaltaloyuca, and is situated about one hundred miles west of Tuxpan, in the State of Vera Cruz. The Indians made violent efforts to dissuade the exploring party from proceeding in this direction, declaring that it was inhabited by giants and hideous monsters, and that none who had gone that way had ever returned alive; but the party did not pay as much attention to these stories as De Soto did to precisely similar ones, with which he was met more than three centuries ago. The party met many wolves, and were annoyed by huge and curious insects unknown to naturalists. They found at last a city, which they declare must once have been a large and brilliant one. Trees which must have been hundreds of years old were growing amid the ruins. The walls of many houses remained, and on them were paintings and other ornaments. Carved doorways and images abounded in every street. Many temples were found; and a statuette, upon the reverse of which was a cross. The doors of the houses were generally closed with rocks, and there were other evidences that the abandonment of the city was due to a preconcerted movement. Many grains being allowed for the exaggerations of discoverers, there still seems reason to believe that they have hit upon a lost city.—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

THE RETINA OF THE EYE.—The question as to the power of the retina to retain impressions after death is again discussed, this time in America. The *Memphis Bulletin* says the body of a man was found lately in Memphis in such a condition as to leave no doubt that he had been murdered. The police, finding no clue, decided on trying photography, and accordingly on the day of the murder, with the aid of a microscope, images left on the retina of the eye of the dead were transferred to paper, and curious facts developed. A pistol, the hand, and part of the face of the man who committed the crime are perfectly delineated.

Literature.

LOVING A PICTURE: OR, GEORGIA READE.

GEORGIA READE sat at the window of her city home, pale and faint from a long walk and longer fast. Her great sorrowful eyes wandered over the interminable house-tops and chimneys, and then settled upon the far-off waters of the bay. There was a new look in their mournful depths, as though their owner was hungry for death—a new hunger that is growing upon the people.

White marble shoulders rose uncovered save for the torrent of inky-black hair that fell around her. Bare white feet rested upon the garret-floor, small and perfectly moulded.

What did this girl, with her rare beauty, on the fifth floor of a city hotel? What had brought her to this pass? There was refinement and elegance, a plenty of it, and every movement was grace. Why had she not a gorgeous home, such as would suit her regal type of beauty?

Why did not rich silks or velvets robe her splendid form, and costly jewels sparkle on her white throat? Why? Because she is poor and virtuous; she must choose between poverty and sin.

"Georgia Reade! Georgia Reade!"

The words rang out loud and clear from the lips of an impatient woman on the second floor.

Across the hall, two young ladies sat in a gorgeously-furnished room.

"Georgia Reade?" the elder of the two said. "Let me see: the name sounds familiar. Oh, yes! Was not she Owen Reade's daughter, the millionaire?—he who gave such grand parties, entertaining with the generosity and magnificence of a prince?"

"To be sure; the very same. He failed, and died some years ago, just after his son Reginald was drowned."

"And Georgia is poor now?"

"Yes, poor thing! a governess, or something of that sort. What dress will you wear to the opera to-night, Nell, and what jewels?"

Prone upon the floor lay Georgia, her rich hair sweeping the bare boards; she had not heard the impatient call.

"O God! tender and loving, let me die—let me die! This changed life is more than I can bear. O mother! O father! thy daughter is longing to lie down by thy side!"

Up from the city streets came the noisy street's murmurs, rising in monotonous cadences, floating softly in at the open window, reaching even to the dull ear of the sufferer—dull because she was listening only to the tumultuous throbbings, the heaving and surging of her own stormy soul.

As the twilight deepened, those wearisome sounds died away, and others rose upon the night air.

Georgia raised herself upon one arm, and listened, with quick-drawn breath, as the sad, sullen music of "Allen Percy" came from some sweet-toned hand-organ.

"Allen Percy!" That should always be sung in the twilight—the pensive, passionate twilight—or when hearts are aching, or when hearts are breaking.

"Georgia Reade!" This time it reached her. "Come down here and quiet this child. I called you an hour ago, and now have to climb all the way up these stairs after you. I want you to undress Helen and Mary, and then get the baby to sleep. I may not be home until twelve or one o'clock."

It was Mrs. Wharton, whose children's governess she was, or, rather, had engaged to be, but had since drifted into nurse, timeworn, &c.

Mrs. Colonel Wharton, the lady of whom report spoke so favourably, who gave largely to all public charities, and distributed clothing and tracts to the poor ad infinitum—the woman who hired this rare girl at a salary of £20 a year and board, said board being a seat at the second table and a bed in the attic, to save expense.

Georgia rose wearily from the floor, a smile curling her red lip. "And so I am to be nurse, as well as governess, to these poor little neglected children. I fancy my servitude will be short. I should go mad, else."

Gathering her rich hair up hastily, she donned a white wrapper, and went quickly down stairs.

Undressing the little tired girls, she laid them tenderly in their soft bed.

"I love to have you put us to bed, Georgia; you know better than mamma does."

Poor little motherless things—motherless in all save the name! Georgia's heart sobbed for them.

But the baby was wailing and fretting, and she could not stop to talk to little fair-haired Mary.

Taking the fretful child in her arms, she sat down by the window, and rocking monotonously to and fro, murmured, low, loving words, till sleep crept over the baby's eyes, and once more she was free to think—the only freedom left the poor.

Thought, given free rein, wandered over the past. There were fragrant meadows—lands in that sunny past, and white sandy roads, very fair to the eye. There was a happy home, too, by a beautiful river, whose musical ripple had lulled her to sleep a hundred times.

Within the house were cool, pleasant rooms, every one holding some separate memory. In this one had sounded the music of baby laughter—sweet, was brother Harry, who had gone to God long ago. In that one had rang out the voice of song—her own and brother Reginald's—and the sweet laughter of girls, and men's low love tones.

In this large room, overlooking the river, grandmother had died, and they had never used it, except on Sabbath evenings, ever after.

Ah, she remembered it all! How sister Mary had gone through the pillared door a happy bride, and had died in her foreign home in all the glad beauty of her young life; how brother Reginald had gone from them, full of hope and joy, and, after two happy years in Italy, was coming back to them, when the treacherous sea gave him a grave.

She saw the long funeral procession winding down the lawn when her father was carried to his rest; and the red carpet of the auctioneer, and the precious household goods carried off to other homes.

They were all gone now—father, mother, sister, and brothers. Her old home had passed into the hands of strangers.

She thought of her loneliness and desolation, and that in all this wide world she belonged to nobody—nobody owned her. How the dead faces thronged on her vision!

The baby stirred.

Unconsciously her voice glided into the wailing music of "Allen Percy."

More and more sad rose the voice, till the lofty room re-echoed the despairing wail, the cry of a human soul in more than human sorrow.

The girl had one listener she did not dream of. A splendid-looking man, with an unmistakable foreign air, sat smoking a nut-brown meerschaum upon the verandah only a few feet from the singer.

As the girl's magnificent voice went through the mournful measure of the song, he started to his feet and listened, breathlessly.

"Here I can sit, and while the wild winds blow,

Waving the tresses of thy shining hair,

Giving thy cheek a deeper tint of rose,

I can dream dreams that comfort my despair.

I can make visions of a different home,

Such as in other days I hoped might be—"

Here the voice ceased—memory was too much for the singer—and the man distinctly heard the sound of smothered sob. He moved quickly to the window from whence the sounds proceeded; saw a slender, white-robed form, and a fair head bent low over a little sleeping child. The man had a great warm heart and a noble soul; so, without stopping to think whether it was etiquette or not, he said, "What grieves you, Miss? Why do you weep so sore?"

Georgia looked up startled, but the calm noble face assured her.

"Excuse the liberty I have taken in speaking to you. Your sobs distressed me, and I could not help it."

There are some persons who are never strangers to us; some persons whom intuitively we can trust; and somehow it came about that, sitting with the window-ledge between them, the husbanding the restless babe, and he sitting motionless on a camp-stool outside, Georgia told him of her troubles.

He left her as abruptly as he had come, saying only, "I must go now, my mother will be waiting."

Georgia thought what a strange man he was, and then went to her dressing again, while Grant Halburton paced to and fro on the other side of the verandah, wondering what he could do to aid her. He was a man of some five and thirty years, or thereabouts; with a noble soul and grand nature; a man to whom all women were sacred. Women called him odd, and men called him noble-souled. He was odd; as high great natures, who are far removed from common mortals, always are. His thoughts were all of the sad, patient girl, and of how he could befriend her. In the dim light he could see but the outlines of her face, so that he was unconscious of her pure beauty, he only knew she was a woman, and unhappy. His friends would have said, "That is just like Grant Halburton!" His friends would have said, for he had a fashion of being kind to the unhappy. He dare not offer her pecuniary aid, so he laid the case before his mother. He told his story in his usual calm way, holding her hand tenderly in his own the while.

"Grant, you will break me up," said his mother, smiling. "I have the Sullivan to keep while you are away, and old Judy Mansers; and Pat Malone told me yesterday you had given him the yellow cottage, rent free, and now this girl."

"Mother, she is an orphan, and poor. Take her for a companion. You will be lonely when I am gone, mother, and—"

"O Grant! How can I ever live without you?"

"It will be only two years, mother; and it is your anxiety for my health that is sending me. This girl will be company for you. She can read to you, drive out with you, tend the conservatory, &c."

So it was arranged ere they slept. Grant Halburton was to sail next morning for Italy, and his mother had left her pleasant home on the Tweed so that she might not lose an hour of his stay.

Georgia sat at the window next morning, and saw him as he passed, with a shawl on his arm, and a servant following with luggage.

She knew him at a glance; for whilst she sat in the shadow the night before, the light from the verandah lamp had shone full in his face.

He was gone now; and though he was a stranger to her, she felt sad to think they would never meet again. She had been starving for kind words, and he had spoken them. Why should she not be sad?

Her reverie was broken by Mrs. Wharton entering.

"You will finish those two dresses for the children, Georgia. I want to read this splendid story. It is all about a poor girl who lost both her parents, and through her great poverty was driven into sin. What ails you, girl? You are white as a sheet."

"I feel somewhat faint, madam, that is all. What becomes of the children's lesson if I finish the dresses?"

"Dear me—can't you do both?"

"It would be impossible, madam."

"Oh, dear! you girls are so worthless."

"I am sorry you think so, but as such is your opinion, I beg leave from this moment to retire from your service."

"Indeed! and pray what will miss do with her pride and poverty? Perhaps your fate may be like the girl I have been reading about."

Georgia drew herself up proudly.

"God will take care of me. I am in His hands."

"Leave my presence this moment, miss, and never presume to enter it again."

So Georgia was out adrift once more, to float at will over life's waters.

She sat that night in the darkness of her garret-room, with closed eyes and white lips—hungry, tired, and despairing. How still and calm the waters of the bay looked! there was rest beneath them.

No more heartaches; no more hunger; no more wishes and wilder regrets; no yearning for some one to love her, which is as necessary to a woman's heart as the air she breathes. No more reaching out of white arms in the darkness, for the one most loved; no silent spirit wail, no anguish! There was rest under that stirring water—rest! rest! and that was what Georgia needed.

She flung her hands up, with the palms outward, as though she would with her frail arms keep off some phantom.

"Thou wilt not forsake me, oh my God! I will trust in Thee, though Thou slay me."

The creaking door opened.

"There is a lady in the parlour who wishes to see Mrs. Wharton's nurse. I knew you were still here, Miss Georgia, so I made bold to come up."

"Thank you, Peter; it is a tiresome walk up to many stairs."

Georgia went down with her heart throbbing. Who in this great city could have ought to say to her? An old lady, of most noble presence, sat by a window. She looked at Georgia, but did not speak, and went to looking out of the window again.

Georgia walked up and down the floor a few moments, with her proud, excited step. It was not probable this aristocratic stranger wanted to see her; there must be some mistake, and she turned to leave the room.

The lady rose.

"I come here to see a young girl who was governess to Mrs. Wharton's children—I think the name was Wharton. The servant must have forgotten my message."

"I am she, madam."

"You! Impossible!"

"Nevertheless, dear lady, it is I—Georgia Reade."

"That is the name Grant told me. Well, my girl, I am tired and heart-sick to night, and as I know you are the same, I will be brief. My son, Grant Halburton, told me of his conversation with you last night. He left this morning for a two years' absence in Italy, and my old heart is almost broken. He felt sorry for you; and we arranged, if you are willing, that you should live with me. You can read to me, drive with me, attend to the conservatory, &c., said the poor old mother, unconsciously echoing her son's words.

"Oh, Mrs. Halburton, your kindness overpowers me."

"It is my son, dear. Grant is a noble man."

"God bless him for his kindness!"

"God will bless him, child; for he has made many hearts glad. If you choose, Georgia, you can come and share my apartments to-night. I am very lonely, and somehow I seem to love you already."

Georgia's slender wardrobe was soon in readiness, and a servant removed it from her attic-home to the elegant apartments occupied by Mrs. Halburton. That night, at her express desire, Georgia told her the history of her life, which drew tears from the kind old lady's eyes.

Grant was the astonishment of Mrs. Wharton, to find her quondam nurse seated opposite her at table next morning, receiving the kind attentions of an aristocratic old lady, whose black silk dress was rich and heavy, and whose collar and cap were of real lace. Mrs.

Halburton was the gentlest of old ladies, but she could not help enjoying Mrs. Wharton's confusion.

"Georgia, my child, you do not seem to enjoy your breakfast. Peter, could you not find some thing more tempting for Miss Reade's breakfast? See what you can do."

Peter returned with a spring chicken, most temptingly prepared.

"Dear me!" whispered Mrs. Wharton to her next door neighbour, "we might wait a while before there would be spring chickens for our breakfast."

"You look very careworn, Georgia. I am sorry my late arrival here has inconvenienced you so much."

Peter entering that moment, said, "Your coachman is at the door, Mrs. Halburton. He wants to know at what hour he will have the carriage ready."

"Tell him, Peter, that I shall not leave the city to-day, but to have the carriage at the door at just eleven o'clock, for Miss Georgia's use."

Then to Georgia: "Just go to Stewart's, Georgia, and do your shopping; it will save time and trouble. You can find everything you want there, both foreign and domestic, and at quite as reasonable prices as anywhere else."

All this in a low voice, but distinctly enough for Mrs. Wharton's quick ears to catch every word. She was nervous with curiosity and excitement.

What could it all mean? Had that queenly Georgia ever been her nurse, or had she been dreaming? She questioned Peter, who told her all he knew and a little more. "How he guessed Mrs. Halburton was Miss Georgia's aunt, and owned a town-house and a country-house on the Tweed, whether they were going in a few days; and that Peter, the coachman, said Miss Georgia would have lots of money," &c., &c.

The ladies (?) talked, and wondered, and could have bitten their finger-ends off with spite, as every day Georgia appeared in more new and costly robes. It was a triumph for Mrs. Halburton, she almost forgot Grant in the enjoyment of it. But our high-hearted Georgia was unconscious of it all—the old lady's innocent triumph and the jealous women's spite; she was only enjoying the life that God had made so pleasant; basking in the light of Mrs. Halburton's genial smiles, and enjoying once more the luxury of kind words, far more precious to her hungry heart than costly robes and fairest jewels.

One year has passed away. We find Georgia the petted and indulged child of Mrs. Halburton; for dear as her own child she had grown to be. She was more beautiful than ever, her queenly form sitting well with her elegant surroundings, and the costly robes it was Mrs. Halburton's pride to provide for her. He to whom she owed all this happiness was still a wanderer. It would be hard to divine Georgia's feelings towards him. His quick and delicate kindness towards herself, the thousand evidences of his noble nature that daily came before her, his mother's tales of his childhood and youth, had given her a feeling of something like awe blended with unbounded admiration and deep gratitude. There was a picture of him hanging in the drawing-room—a life-size oil painting. It was singularly handsome; the full dark eyes, the firm, tender mouth, the high brown hair and heavy Oriental beard, making up a striking picture of manly beauty.

It was a habit with Georgia to stand and gaze upon that picture every day, wondering if his long absence had changed him—if he was as noble and as brave as of old, and a thousand other questions women are wont to ask themselves. Somehow, looking at that brave, resolute face, she grew strengthened. There are some faces, you know, that we grow stronger and better for seeing. Heaven bless such faces!

Georgia had many suitors, but never yet had bowed her queenly head to love's silted yoke, for it is a yoke, for a' the poet's song; for oh! did we never love, we should never be in grief; we would know naught of the sweet unrest, the thrilling bliss of love; naught of its heartaches and anguish; its yearnings and regrets! Oh! I don't believe

"It is better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

The months passed swiftly on. The wanderer wrote from every port, just a line, to say that he was improving.

Summer drifted into autumn, and then winter came with its crimson drapery and ceaseless gaiety. The first winter month found them domiciled in their town home, where Georgia was the belle.

It was the night of a grand ball, and Georgia was at her toilet. A servant entered with a letter from Grant. It was written from Naples, and should have reached them a month ago. Its tone was sad.

"He was weary of wandering, and longed for home and his precious mother. He thought he should not stay quite the two years out."

"Mother"—a name the old lady had taught Georgia to call her—"don't let us go out to-night."

"Why, child?"

"This letter of your son's has saddened me; besides, I am tired of gaiety—tired of rich robes and glittering jewels."

"Tut, child; at your age tired of all these things? Come, off to your toilet; it is too late now to think of staying at home."

Georgia, in white moire and pearls, was superb. Mrs. Halburton had not yet finished dressing, so Georgia went down to the drawing-room. She pressed up and down the splendid room, then stopped before Grant Halburton's picture. She did not see a man's face pressed against the window-glass. She saw only the handsome face above her. It was the original of the picture. He stole softly from the window, and entered the basement.

A low knock at the door.

"Mother, may I come in?"

"Bless my heart! that's surely Grant's voice. Run quick, Lucy, and open the door."

But the door was already opened, and a dark, sunburnt man had his arms about his mother's neck. After the greetings were interchanged, and the wonderment of his sudden arrival over, Grant said, "Mother, what princess have you shut up in the room below? As I came up the steps, I looked in at the window, and saw the most radiantly beautiful woman my eyes ever rested upon standing before my picture! Who is it?"

Before Mrs. Halburton had time to answer, a musical voice came floating along the hall, and Georgia stood in the doorway.

"Mother, you must be going to look very handsome to-night!"

Her eye fell upon the new-comer, when she sprang toward him, both hands extended.

"Why, mother, I am bewildered! What sister is this you have given me?"

"Why, Grant, don't you know Georgia?"

He drew her toward him, and looked earnestly into her face.

"And this is Georgia? I never saw your face, Georgia; you remember you sat in the shadow that night?"

"Come, Grant, hurry and get dressed; you must go with us to-night."

An hour later, Georgia entered the handsome rooms of Colonel Townsend, leaning on Grant Halburton's arm. They were the handsomest couple present.

Two gentlemen stood in an alcove.

"Isn't Grant Halburton a splendid-looking man, Harry?"

"Yes, confound him! he's handsomer than when he went away."

"Why, Harry, what ails you?"

"Enough! She can't help loving such a man as that, and I love her better than my own soul!"

